

No. 517.—Vol. XL. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



WITH THE EDITOR'S COMPLIMENTS.



ALKING of Christmas, the

INVEST . ME . IN . MY . MOTIEY; GIVE . ME . LEAVE . TO . SPEAK . MY . MIND "

cheeriest place in the world wherein to spend Christmas Eve is a big London railway-station. For all the pictorial elements of the old-fashioned English Christmas are there-happy faces, odd-shaped parcels, pretty girls, laughing mothers, jolly fathers, excited children, rugs, muffs, steaming beverages, shy lovers, red-coated soldiers-every detail of the scene is complete. Christmas, you may take it from me, will never die, for, instead of growing older and sadder as the years go on, we are, on the contrary, all getting younger and merrier. And so we should, for our conditions of life get better and better every year. It is all very well for artists to paint pictures of stage-coaches and old inns and uncomfortable things of that sort, but I defy any of my ancestral ghosts to convince me that the people on those stage-coaches were as happy as the people in railway-carriages, or that the patrons of a draughty ale-house were as jolly and good-tempered as the guests in a modern hotel. No; I don't think I should actually have cared about the old-fashioned Christmas; the modern affair is much more to my taste. One cause for regret, however, arises from the fact that I am quite unable to eat Christmas Pudding. Unluckily, I was brought up to believe that the Pudding was a very important feature of the Christmas festivities, and, despite my better judgment now that I have developed digestive organs, I can never quite rid myself of the idea. By the way, I wonder whether you happen to know the literal meaning of the word "pudding." If not, I advise you to let your dictionary stay on the shelf until the day after Boxing Day.

I am often asked by my friends-I call them my friends, although, as a matter of fact, they cease to be anything of the kind when once they have put the question—these people, then, are fond of asking me, "What is the best thing on at the theatres now?" When I was fresh to the nuisance, I would reply, testily, "Well, it all depends what sort of a thing you want to see. Do you like drama, or musical comedy, or performing animals, or what? For Heaven's sake, be more definite!" Then they would regard me with an air of pained surprise and say, "Oh, we don't mind much what it is." Whereupon, sincerely flattering the Cheshire Cat of immortal memory, I would retort, "Then it doesn't much matter where you go." But I don't talk like that nowadays. They have managed to tame me at last; I have no longer spirit enough to be testy. Nowadays, therefore, when they ask me exasperating questions, I merely shrug my shoulders and mention the name of any piece that happens to come into my head. About a month afterwards, very likely, I meet them, and they tell me that they went to the show I recommended and didn't enjoy themselves a bit. "Ah!" I retort, gleefully, "that's your bad taste."

At this season of the year, however, it is pretty certain that a good many people will be wanting to know what they should see at the I will therefore tell you what plays I should patronise, provided that I had a party of playgoers staying with me in town over Christmas. On the evening of Boxing Day I should take them to the pantomime at Drury Lane, not because the performance would then be at its best, but rather for the reason that they would see a great many well-known people and would be duly interested. On Saturday afternoon we should have one of those cosy little boxes at the Hippodrome, and on Saturday evening I should show them Edmund Payne in "The Toreador." On Monday evening-mark the day!they would find themselves in the Lyric, watching, with bated breath, the magnificent performance of Forbes-Robertson in "Othello." whilst on Tuesday, just to let them see what a many-sided old London it is, I should hand them over to G. P. Huntley at the Prince of Wales's. On Wednesday they would reach the summit of their delight in watching "The Admirable Crichton" at the Duke of York's, and on Thursday they could take their own chance and go where they jolly well liked. For the information of my friends, I hasten to add that I shall not be staying in town over Christmas.

It is many weary months since I enjoyed anything so thoroughly as the performance of "Othello" at the Lyric Theatre. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, the performance of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, for the success of the evening was entirely due to the brilliancy of his acting. The mere fact of his being a slight, spare man rather enhanced my interest than otherwise, just as when I saw Sir Henry Irving play Coriolanus. In either case, the sheer art of the actor overcame his physical disabilities. Mr. Herbert Waring was disappointing, Miss Gertrude Elliott looked dollish, and Miss Lena Ashwell was ridiculously modern until the last Act, when she suddenly threw off her Ibsen manner and became splendidly dramatic. The last Act was undoubtedly the best; the tender passages were spoken by Mr. Forbes-Robertson as no other English actor could have spoken them, and throughout the final scene he was well supported by the whole Company. It will be long before I forget those few minutes immediately preceding the fall of the last curtain.

One does not like to be cross-grained and churlish at Christmastime, but I really must rebuke the crowds of people who spoilt the first Act of "Othello" on the opening night by coming in late. There was not the slightest excuse for them, either, for the curtain did not rise until eight-thirty. I was in my place just before it went up, and I venture to say that, besides myself, there were not more than thirty people in the stalls when the play started. The consequence was that these thirty were pushed, and pinched, and squeezed, and jostled, and trampled upon until they one and all registered a vow never to be in time for a theatre again. The people in the pit, who had been waiting hours and hours in the street, could hear little or nothing of the first Act. Amongst the late-comers I saw several dramatic critics; I warn them that if this sort of thing occurs again I shall mention their names, and then, let us hope, they will be properly punished by their respective Editors. Some people did not arrive until the second Act was well on its way, and the latest comer-a lady-put in a haughty, condescending appearance just before the end of the third Act. She had her reward, though, for a dear old gentleman in front of me, who had been giving vent to pathetic little sighs all the evening, turned round and said to her in the sweetest possible manner, "Do you think we are all here now?"

Some two or three months ago, it was my privilege to herald, in this place, the series of drawings by Tom Browne entitled "The Seven Ages of a Dutchman." Emboldened by the great popularity that these drawings attained in the pages of The Sketch, I am now about to call your attention to a brilliantly clever series by another of my artist colleagues, Mr. Dudley Hardy, the first of which appears, I believe, in this number of The Sketch. Mr. Dudley Hardy, whose work needs no commendation from my pen, has long been known as an enthusiastic Shaksperian student, and I readily agree with him that in these "Characters from Shakspere" he has beaten all his own records for black-and-white work. By the way, one often hears artists complaining that the camera plays too large a part in the illustrated journals of the present day. In view of that plaint, it is interesting to learn from the Editor that the present number of this journal contains drawings by nine black-and-white artists of the first class-namely, John Hassall, Ralph Cleaver, René Bull, James Greig, G. L. Stampa, Tom Browne, Dudley Hardy, Gunning King, and Julius M. Price. Let no one hereafter dare to assert that The Sketch belies its name!



THE PRODUCTION OF "WATER-BABIES" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

SOME SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

#### THE CLUBMAN.

A Christmas of Peace and Goodwill—The Duke of Connaught in Egypt— Lord Kitchener and De Wet's Book.

HRISTMAS-TIME has come again, and this year we can think of it as a time of peace and goodwill towards all nations without having to make too many reservations. Great Britain has so many irritable and unquiet neighbours in various parts of the world that she is never likely to be actually at absolute peace; but our difficulty with the Mad Mullah can only be accounted one of our very little wars, and our difference of opinion with President Castro has necessitated only a small naval expedition. In the three countries where our wars have of late been fought—in Egypt, in India, in South Africa—there is peace and pleasantness, and in each there is some special sign of amity between the Briton who is the ruling power and the people of the country who are the ruled.

The parade of schoolboys, natives of the Soudan, at Khartoum, the sons of the men who willingly or unwillingly obeyed the orders of the False Prophet, was a curious and interesting sign of the times in Upper Egypt, for the little fellows passed in review before the walls official speeches of praise and congratulation, and was, I beg to think, quite in the spirit of Christmastide.

Christmas is a time of great religious gatherings amongst the Cape Dutch, and in the two new Colonies, for the first time since the War broke out, the farmers will inspan their bullocks to the tented waggons, and, with their wives and children safely packed away under the canvas shades, will crack their great whips, and the ships of the veldt will lurch and sway as they are drawn over the rolling downs to the central meeting-place, where prayers will be offered up and hymns sung. After the services, there will be swings and games for the children, and the women will cook coffee in the kettles over the smouldering fires, and the men will smoke and gather in groups, and the talk will be of the rebuilding of farms and the sowing of crops and the breeding of cattle, and of the British Minister who is coming across the sea, "tying up" here and there on the way, as some of the old Doppers still think is done every night by ships at sea, and bringing with him nothing but goodwill to his Dutch fellow-subjects. Twelve months ago, De Wet was still the phantom Dutchman against whom the "drives" were being directed. Now, he is one of the favourite authors of the year, and the thousands which he commands, brought in by his great book, are all of crisp paper, and signed by the Chief Cashier on behalf of the Governor and Company of the Bank of



THE BALL-ROOM, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA, WHERE LORD AND LADY CURZON WILL HOLD THE GREAT DURBAR BALL.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

of the Palace where Gordon was stabbed to death, dying for a great cause. I knew the hero of China and the Soudan, and I am sure that, if in the spirit-land it is permitted to know what passes on this earth, nothing would give greater pleasure to the man who called the little gutter-snipes of the Thames-side whom he taught and cared for his "kings" than to see the sons of his old allies and of his old enemies in the Land of the Nile acquiring learning in the courts of the Palace where he ruled the people. Further down the Nile, the Great Dam has been completed, and the people, by the vast space of land that will come under cultivation, and the Government, in the added revenue that will pour into its coffers, will benefit by this the greatest work executed in the Land of the Crocodile since the days of the Pharaohs.

Still further down the great green river, at the Capital, one of the prettiest compliments that a Royal Prince can pay to a Ruling Prince has been offered. When the British troops and the Egyptian troops paraded together before the Khedive and the Duke of Connaught, the latter, when the moment came for the Advance in Review Order, placed himself before the two bodies of troops and saluted the Khedive at the head of the joined Armies. The young Ruler of Egypt was educated at an Austrian military school, his instincts are those of a soldier, and it is one of his griefs that he is denied the opportunity of showing that he could command on a battle-field. The compliment paid him by the soldier of Royal blood who at Tel-el-Kebir commanded the Household troops of Great Britain must have pleased the young Khedive more than a thousand

England; while Lord Kitchener, De Wet's opponent a year ago, is instilling the lessons learned in the Boer War into his new, magnificent command, the Army of India.

The conjunction of the names of Lord Kitchener and De Wet reminds me that I was not correct in saying that Lord Kitchener had stated that he was not in the train held up by Froneman, of which adventure De Wet writes that nobody knew that Lord Kitchener was in the train, but that afterwards the tale was told how the Commander-in-Chief had taken a horse out of one of the waggons, mounted it, and disappeared into the darkness. A telegram from India said that this was not the case, but Lord Kitchener was not quoted as the authority, and the talk of the Clubs was that what the telegram stated was correct; but, for the information of the students of history, and for the satisfaction of the publishers and readers of De Wet's book, it would be well if Lord Kitchener or one of the Staff under his authority would tell us definitely whether the head of the British Army was nearly caught or whether the Boer officers were misinformed.

In India, when Lord Kitchener has finished his task as the critic of the Manœuvres, he will be one of the great figures at the Durbar of Delhi, the most magnificent gathering that India has ever seen, a gathering which is essentially one of peace and goodwill, for the Princes of hundreds of States, the heads of scores of religions, meet to hail as their Emperor the King who is one of the great advocates of peace throughout the world and whose goodwill to his subjects is shown in all his actions.



MISS ELLA SNYDER AS A "GIRL FROM KAY'S,"

IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY OF THAT NAME AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

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London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

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#### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

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Dec. 24, 1902.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK of the

HE KING and Queen, who have decided to spend Christmas at Sandringham and not at Royal Windsor, will entertain their usual Christmas party, consisting largely of their immediate family circle and those devoted members of their Household to whom the King is ever eager to show special consideration and regard. This will be the first Christmas spent by the King and by the Queen at Sandringham since the Accession, for it will be remembered that,

last year, the very serious illness of Miss Charlotte Knollys, the Queen's devoted friend and Bedchamber Woman, kept Her Majesty in town, and consequently prevented the King from taking part in his usual country Christmas festivities. Christmas at Sandringham is spent in a quiet, old-fashioned way, much as it is in thousands of English-speaking homes all over the world.

Royal Christmas

Presents.

Royalties from time immemorial have always been the givers of splendid gifts, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra form no exception to this pleasant and regal rule. They both take immense pains over the choosing of suitable Christmas presents, a portion of each day during the weeks that precede Christmas being spent by their Majesties in looking over beautiful nicknacks submitted for their approval. This year, the gifts of the Sovereign and of his Consort have taken of the Sovereign and of his Consort have taken in many cases the charming form of portraits of themselves; in the case of the Queen, these are almost invariably one or other of the exquisite private photographs taken of Her Majesty by Miss Alice Hughes, and of which the latest shows the Queen in her Coronation robes. The King often gives jewelled pencil-cases and tiny gemmed charms, as well as the now almost inevitable cigarette-case and cigar-box. Their Majesties' cigarette-case and cigar-box. Their Majesties' Christmas gifts to their children generally take a joint form of present, and consist of something useful as well as costly. Humble friends are not forgotten by either the King or Queen, and in the matter of choosing these gifts Her Majesty goes to really infinite pains, taking much trouble to discover what will be most acceptable.

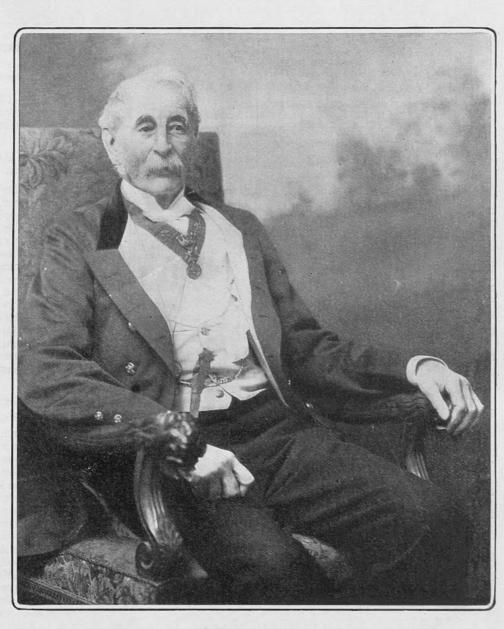
Queen Alexandra has once The Queen's more given a proof of her Christmas Dinner. Next Saturday, Her Majesty will be hostess at a Christmas Dinner to over two thousand women and children, the widows and orphans of all those soldiers and sailors of the Imperial and Colonial Forces who lost their lives during the recent War or who have died from the effects of service in South Africa since their return home. The Queen, with that practical kindness which always distinguishes her smallest actions, has also arranged to defray the expenses of her guests in coming to and from the Dinner. It has been settled that the banquet shall take place at two o'clock, in the fine building known as the Alexandra Trust. It will be remembered that Alexandra Trust. It will be remembered that, on the occasion of the second Jubilee, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, initiated the happy idea of a dinner which should enable all those who would otherwise have been dinnerless on that great day to enjoy a thoroughly good meal. This happy thought became reality thanks to the generosity of Sir Thomas Lipton, whose anonymous gift of twenty-five thousand pounds was spent in this original manner. Of course, on this occasion the problem is a far easier

one; but, even so, the business of giving an adequate Christmas meal to some two thousand persons requires not a little

thought and preparation, and here, again, the Queen has had Sir Thomas Lipton's invaluable assistance.

Society has become very loyal of late, and, accordingly, country Christmas parties are to be the rule and not the exception this year; in fact, almost Some Christmas House-Parties. all of the stately homes of England contain house-parties. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, just back from their South African tour, are entertaining a youthful party of friends at Eaton Hall; at Chatsworth, the Duchess of Devonshire, as she has now done for so many years, gathers round her a distinguished party; the Prime Minister entertains his numerous relations and their children at Whittingehame; and Lord Salisbury has filled historic Hatfield with his grandchildren and their parents.

Sir Henry De Bathe will celebrate his eightieth A Fine Old English birthday next June. He is among the last Gentleman. survivors of a once common type-that of the fine old English gentleman who is at once a man of fashion and a lover of English gentleman who is at once a man of fashion and a lover of the country. Sir Henry can look back to having been one of the best-looking and most popular of officers; he did brilliantly in the Crimea, and always lived up to his motto, "Trifles deter me not." At the present time, he is one of the most popular magnates in West Sussex, his lovely place, Wood End, being within an easy drive of Goodwood. At the present moment, the gallant old veteran is in



SIR HENRY DE BATHE. Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

deep family mourning owing to the death of his son-in-law, Mr. Harry McCalmont, to whom he was warmly attached and with whose love of sport and racing he was in very close sympathy.

A funny experience has befallen Herr Richard Richard Strauss. Richard Strauss. Strauss, the eccentric musical genius who composes "tone-poems" and other pieces of music that are caviare to genius who the general. Herr Strauss conducts at the Royal Opera in Berlin, but has been taking his orchestra on a provincial tour. While conducting in the concert-hall at Brunswick, he was suddenly summoned from his place and asked to go into the ante-room, where an official told him that the concert must be stopped at once, by order from the head office of police. Greatly surprised, the conductor sought for explanations, and, not being able to get any, returned to the platform like a dutiful subject of the Kaiser and announced to the interested audience the end of the concert. The musicians were preparing to depart and the audience to do likewise, when the official suddenly appeared again, this time with apologies. He had stopped the wrong performance. An entertainment of questionable character was being given elsewhere in Brunswick, and he had been instructed to put an end to it; but haste, or carelessness, or excess of zeal had led him to the wrong place first. The broken melody was resumed forthwith, while the careless officer made haste to put an end to what remained of the other entertainment, which had doubtless profited by his mistake. I wonder whether Herr Strauss will turn the incident to music.

Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones.

The forthcoming marriage of Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones. and clever young actress. It is to be hoped that matrimony will not put an end to what seemed so promising a career, and, indeed, why should it do so? For, as a cynic observed some years ago, apropos of the brilliant wedding of Miss Dorothea Baird and Mr. H. B. Irving, "No wonder that the marriage mania has set in among our younger actresses!" Miss Arthur-Jones has shown the critics and the playgoers that the stage ingénue is by no means the insipid creature so often portrayed. She plays her parts with rare intelligence and distinction, particularly excellent being her rendering of the charming girl in "Chance the Idol."

Whistler's God-daughter. Miss Dorothy Menpes could truly claim, were she not as modest as she is clever, to have inherited a large share of her father's brilliant gifts. In spite of her youth, she has already acted as his collaborator with signal success, both in the well-written and vivid text which accompanied Mr. Mortimer Menpes' remarkable series of South African studies, and, more lately, in a similar volume dealing with Japan, where



MISS DOROTHY MENPES.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Menpes and their two daughters spent two years some time ago. Miss Menpes has been surrounded from infancy by objects of art and by artists—indeed, she had for godfather the redoubtable Whistler. Miss Dorothy is as fortunate in her sister as she is in her



MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR-JONES, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. LESLIE FABER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside, E.C.

father, Miss Mau \ Menpes having become the pioneer in a movement which has for object that of reproducing pictures in colour as well, if not better, than they do on the Continent.

American Art
Students.

At the present time, Mr. Sargent and Mr. J. M. Whistler are the only American artists enjoying a world-wide reputation, but there are signs that suggest an improvement in the American record in the course of the next few years. Paris has a very big gathering of art students; they number some hundreds and have a Club of their own in the Quartier. Now, an American Art Association is being started in Rome, with the interest of Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the good wishes of the American Government behind it. If young America can work as hard at art as it can at commerce, the United States may yet draw from Europe some of the money it has paid over for Old Masters. By the way, I am not sure that our cousins across the Atlantic will not be able to do this soon in any case. When they have secured the last Old Master worth having and cornered the passenger traffic by help of the Atlantic Shipping Trust, they will be able to afford a sinking fund out of the passenger rates to reimburse the magnates who have bought up the Old Masters and so made it necessary for all art students to go to New York instead of Italy or France or Spain.

The Anti-Duelling League is making very satisfactory progress in all directions, and, if it can go on as it has begun, the duellist will very soon be as extinct as the Dodo. Nobody can regret this extinction, for, at best, the duellist is rather an absurd person, and, at worst, he is a murderer. Branches of the League have been established in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria, and Spain. The inaugural meeting for Austria, where duelling has always been very prevalent, was held about a fortnight ago in Vienna. Six hundred members have been secured, including some of the heads of the State, and Count Thun-Hohenstein has been appointed President of the Austrian branch, while Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, to whose initiative an Austrian branch of the League is largely due, was elected a Vice-President. Hungary has a separate branch, with headquarters at Buda-Pesth. Tribunals of Honour are nominated by the Committee of the League in each country, and when gentlemen quarrel they will submit the vexed question to their native tribunal, or, when they are of different nationalities, to a Committee appointed by their respective Committees. The procedure is an echo—a pleasant echo—of the Peace Conference.

The most popular resorts in Delhi just now are the Jumma Musjid and the historic Ridge, both of which command a good view of the Durbar camp.

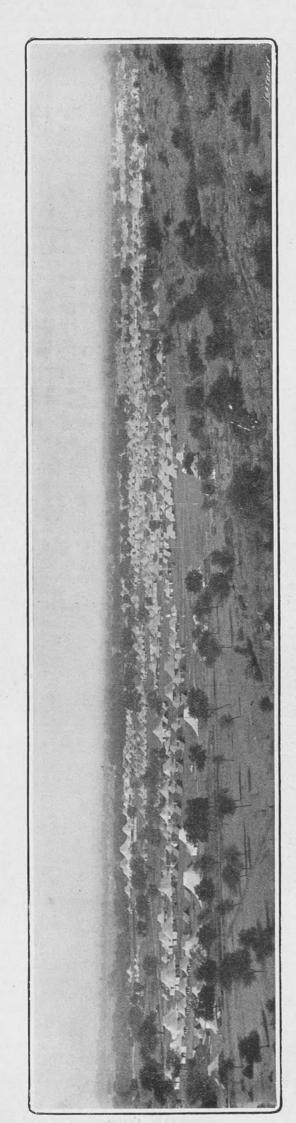
ground, with its ten thousand white tents, and its thirty odd miles of roads that sparkle in the sun like burnished silver, owing to the large amount of mica used in their finishing. The Viceregal Camp alone makes quite a little town, for it contains fifteen hundred spacious tents, to say nothing of the New Circuit House, built by the Government as a permanent memorial of the Proclamation, and destined to be the future residence of all big Government officials visiting Delhi on business of the State. The Viceregal

Indian manufacture also. Our illustration is from a The quarters of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and of the Grand Duke of Hesse are photograph taken from the roof of Hindu Rao's house on the Ridge, and gives a bird's-eye situated in this Camp. The former are allotted light, large tents, made to communicate with each other by means of a covered way, each section of which terminates in a handsome They are hung with Indian art-fabrics of white and gold, fringed with crimson, which depend from ceiling-pieces of the famous blue and white' Farruckabad view of the Camps of the Vicerov and Lord Kitchener. The building among the tents to the extreme right of the picture is the Circuit House. cloth. Their furniture is entirely of Mogul arch.

take the greatest care of her Royal mistress's health. Queen Wilhelmina, who has been staying at the Castle of Loo, goes to The Hague this week, where she will join her mother, the Oueen-Dowager.

Visitors to the Riviera this year will be well advised to Riviera Postal

authorities, boxes of fruit and flowers packed in the places of purchase have missed their destination. The Riviera is an old offender in these respects, but it is time that pressure attention to their correspondence, and not to assume that letter or parcel has been delivered in England because they posted it carefully. Although the season is young, there are complaints in many parts of the French Mediterranean littoral. Letters have gone astray in manner reflecting discredit upon the postal should be put upon the authorities to make an inquiry into a very unsatisfactory state of things. I remember, when I was travelling in Asiatic Turkey, some years ago, One would not care to say that the Riviera post-offices are "The Government doesn't pay him regularly, saved my correspondence for is a very poor man, Effendi," he explained. "The Government doesn't pay him and, when people post letters, he sometimes tears off the stamps to sell burns the letters." I took the hint and saved my correspondence for my dragoman advised me not to post any letters from a certain town. responsible post-office.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DURBAR GROUND AND VICEREGAL CAMP, TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF HINDU RAO'S HOUSE. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S QUARTERS ARE IN THIS CAMP. Photograph by Mr. W. O'Brien, Delhi.

It is not generally known that the Emperor William is a landed The Kaiser in Switzerland.

property, part of which is a hill in the Canton of Berne, called the Iffigenalp. The estate, On the mountain are an inn, a châlet in which Herr Hildebrand frequently used to and contains the Iffigenfall, which is one of the most beautiful water-falls in Switzerland. spend the summer, three other châlets inhabited by the labourers on the estate, and Hut, belonging to the Alpine Club, which was built by Herr Hildebrand It is not yet known what the Emperor intends to do with his new property, but it is hardly likely that he will spend his summer there unless the shooting which is of considerable size, lies between the Weisshorn, the Wildhorn, and the Niesen, proprietor in Switzerland. A merchant of Dresden, Herr Hildebrand, more than usually good. the Wildstrubel last year.

After all, there seems a possibility of an heir being born to the Dutch Throne, for it is said in Holland that the young Queen expects to become a mother in a few months' time. She has engaged a companion, Miss Baljon, of Rotterdam, whose duties will be more or less those of a nurse, and who will be charged to Queen Wilhelmina.

guilty of anything worse than carelessness, but there is very gross carelessness in certain quarters and exemplary punishment is needed to check it.

Victoria's promised visit three years ago seemed to set the seal of British approval on the place. Already many well-known English people are in residence there for the winter. The Duke and Duchess of Leeds are at Selva Dolce, a beautiful place standing high above Bordighera, in extensive grounds; the Earl and Countess of Strathmore are at their obtain in Cannes or Nice, and it can send its visitors in a very little while to San Remo on the one side or Monte Carlo on the other when they wish to be especially gay. Queen Bordighera home, the Villa Etelinda; Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray and Lady Thackeray are at the Casa Stratta. Dr. George MacDonald, the well-known novelist, has a beautiful villa at Bordighera, the Casa Correggio, where I had the pleasure of meeting him some few Dr. George MacDonald is now better, I believe; but his devoted wife, who showed no sign of ill-health, has died. How popular Bordighera has become in the last few years! Although it is in Italy and not in France, it lacks none of the comforts that years ago, when his wife was very anxious about his health, as, indeed, were all his friends Bordighera.

John Milton's Cottage.

A few weeks ago (writes a correspondent), I visited the two Chalfonts, St. Peters and St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. At the first-named, a meet of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds was being held, and in the almost dry bed of the open stream which crosses the quaint main-street, horses, hounds, and carriages were mingled in happy confusion. Having seen the Hunt start the chase, I rode on to St. Giles to visit the "only house" now standing in which John Milton is known to have made his home. To reach the house from the main-road one must traverse the whole of the winding village street, at the end of which, on the left hand, stands the well-preserved cottage. A notice-board informs visitors that, on paying a fee of sixpence, they may inspect the interior, where the old ingle-nook, formed by the curious chimney shown in the illustration, and other main features of the house are in the same condition as when the poet came here to escape the Plague of London; and here he finished his great work, namely, the immortal "Paradise Lost." I was glad to learn that the property is held in trust for the public and will thus escape the hand of the spoiler.

Prorogued at Last. By an irony of fate, a statesman who detests long Sessions has celebrated the first year of his Prime Ministership by keeping Parliament at work till almost the eve of The House of Commons was sick-tired of itself before it adjourned last week. Even for most of the new members the green benches had lost their glamour. Some men, notably Mr. Balfour and "C.-B.," were tired of the sound of their own voices, and everybody was tired of the sound of everybody else's voice. Mr. Chamberlain was very fortunate in

escaping the fag-end of the Session.

If Parliamentarians count up the gains of the Session at Christmas-time, the Christmas-time, following, perhaps, will be the reveries of some of them. Mr. Balfour: "I have forced the House to do my bidding." Henry Campbell-Ban-nerman: "I am still Leader of the Opposition." Mr. Bryce: tion." Mr. Bryce: "I have laid up a claim for a rich reward from my Party." Mr. Lloyd-George: "I am certain of office in the next Liberal Govern-ment." Sir William Anson: "Although a Anson: "Although a middle-aged don, I have proved my fitness for the Treasury Bench." Mr. Bonar Law: "I have made a 'hit' by a speech

as a member of the Government." Mr. William O'Brien: "I made the Ministers 'shiver.'" Mr. Tully: "I have formed myself into an influential new Party."

Colonel Harry McCalmont will be greatly missed The late Colonel on the Riviera this season. He was a frequent visitor to Monte Carlo, and his yacht was often to McCalmont. be seen in the Bay of Monaco, but, like so many other visitors to the Côte d'Azur, he preferred to live outside the Principality. He chose Beaulieu, the place where Lord Salisbury's villa, "La Bastide," is situated, and owned a very beautiful place there, the Villa Espalmador. It was his intention to leave town for the Riviera during the present month, and preparations for his visit were in full, swing at the villa when the sudden news came announcing his death. He played a considerable part in the social life of the Riviera, and his death has come as a great shock to many of the people who expected to see him at Beaulieu and Monte Carlo in a few days.

What will be the end of the greatest problem of The Domestic modern domestic life, the scarcity of servants? That the question is passing out of the domain of insignificant troubles is proved by the report that attempts are being made in California to abrogate the law relating to the exclusion of the Chinese, in order to introduce another hundred thousand of the yellow men and women into the country to act as servants. Sir Harry Johnston, in his recent remarkable book on Uganda, suggested the introduction of natives from one of the most populous regions in Central Africa to serve in similar capacity in Great Britain. We find people sacrificing houses and accepting flats, living partly in restaurants instead of eating at home, and the explanation is always the same. A lady who recently acquired a very good cook told me that a friend

of her school-days had actually sent to that cook and offered her ten pounds a-year more to come to her. "Yet I have known Mrs. Blank for twenty years," she complained. "We were at boarding-school together, and I always found her honest. Now, of course, our long friendship is destroyed." This is a new and very serious phase of the trouble, and shows that the lack of cooks is driving the heads of establishments to crime. Why won't the State take over the business establishments to crime. Why won't the State take over the business and have municipal kitchens in every other street? It would be as profitable an undertaking as the Post Office.

Henry the Eighth's Palace.

The old house, No. 17, Fleet Street, which is said, but on doubtful authority, to have been a palace belonging to King Henry VIII., was in such a dangerous state that it had to be pulled down. However, the old staircase, and the beautiful plaster ceiling and the carved oak panelling in the Council Chamber, are to be preserved, and will be placed in the building when it is restored. The original front will also be restored, for the picturesque-looking front which now over-hangs the street is only a sham covering the real walls; so that, when the old house is restored, it will be more like the original building than anything that Londoners have seen for many years.

The very sensible suggestion is once more being made that the 220 Yards Race and the Half-Mile The Inter-' Varsity Sports. shall be added to the programme of the Inter-University Sports next spring. At present, there is a very general feeling among the public as well as at the Universities that too

much importance is given to the Hammer and the Weight, but it is impossible to do away with these events. The addition of two new races would restore the balance, and they would not take up more than twenty minutes or a quarterof-an-hour between them. Both the Half-Mile and the 220 Yards are Championship events, and are favourites with athletes

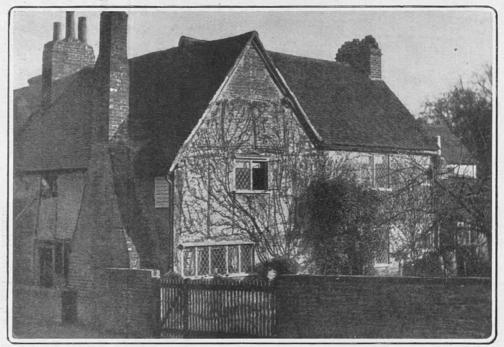
quantity of strange furs which is to be seen about London this about winter. Nowadays, women wear all sorts of furs which their mothers and grand-mothers would never have looked at. The only possible furs used to be sable, ermine, and chinchilla, and,

and with spectators. Nothing is more remarkable than the

more recently, sealskin, astrachan, and so on. But now any kind of skin is worn, and some very strangely marked furs are to be seen in the streets. As the habit of wearing furs has grown more common in England, the furriers have gone farther afield, and to supply the demand for cheap coats all sorts of animals have been laid under contribution which formerly escaped the attentions of the pelt-hunter.

The recent snap of cold weather brought the gulls The Gulls in back to London in great numbers, and that the birds are old friends who come to town year after London. year as soon as the cold weather sets in was shown by the way in which they, immediately on their arrival, began to look out for the food which is always thrown to them from the Embankment and the bridges. It has become one of the regular winter amusements of Londoners to buy small fish from men who make a trade of bringing it down to the Embankment, and to feed the gulls by throwing the fish up into the air for the birds to catch. The gulls are wonderfully tame and fearless, and seem to have no suspicion of man, as most wild birds have. In St. James's Park the gulls steal the food of the unfortunate ducks, but on the Thames they have it all their own way and are undisputed masters of the river. This feeding of the gulls is quite one of the sights of London for country visitors and foreigners.

The sardine is a most mysterious little fish, and its A Dearth of movements can never be calculated upon with certainty. This year it has completely deserted Sardines. the southern shores of Brittany, and, as the population lives on the sardine fishery, there is the greatest distress in Finistère. The sardine factories which tinned the fish for export have done nothing this year, and the wives and daughters of the fishermen, who are employed in them, have consequently been thrown out of work.



MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRES.



MISS MAUDE NOEL, PRINCIPAL GIRL IN "ALADDIN" AT THE GRAND THEATRE, HULL.

Photograph by Languer, Old Bond Street, W.



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MISS FAY WENTWORTH, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON" AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



MISS VERIE CLEMENTS, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT THE GRAND THEATRE,  ${\tt GLASGOW}_{\bullet} \quad \cdot \quad .$ 





MISS ANNIE AMES, TO APPEAR IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE KING'S THEATRE, NOTTINGHAM.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and II alery, Baker Street, W.

Whatever the season and wherever he may be, The Sailor's

the British sailor finds ways and means to enjoy himself in his peculiarly hearty fashion, and this is especially the case at Christmas. Of course, if stationed in home waters or in barracks, he may be fortunate enough to obtain "leave," but this, naturally, is the case with comparatively few of the hundred thousand or so of "Handy Men" who compose the personnel of the British Navy. Still, whether in home waters, in the Mediterranean, in the Far East, or off the Venezuelan coast, Christmas is well kept up by the man-o'-war's-man. What with theatricals minstrel troupes, and

various other amusements, to say nothing of extra grog and generous Christmas fare, the time passes pleasantly enough, and, where climate and other conditions are favourable, Jack sometimes enjoys what is denied at this season to his comrade at homea picnic on shore, to be followed by a pleasant evening on board. The theatrical often performances attain a high degree of merit, and officers and men engage in friendly rivalry, the iron bonds of discipline being for the time forgotten.

To-day King George of Greece and his charming niece, Princess Christian of

Denmark, both celebrate their birthdays. King George is one of the ablest of European rulers. At the time he accepted the Throne of Greece, that unhappy country was literally going a-begging, and had just been refused by our own Sailor Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh. King George, though only a lad of eighteen at the time, was immediately successful, and there are some charming stories told of him as a youthful Sovereign in Sir Horace Rumbold's lately published and much-discussed volumes of reminiscences. His Majesty has been a frequent guest in this country; he is tenderly attached to Queen Alexandra, and Her Majesty has more than once made a considerable sojourn in Athens. Princess Christian of Denmark is one of the most charming and happily married of future Queens. She has already become exceedingly popular in her husband's country, and has thrown herself with the greatest interest into the many charitable works in which her mother-in-law, the Crown Princess, takes so keen an interest.

A Brilliant House-Party at Chatsworth.

The Duchess of Devonshire has just been entertaining a brilliant house-party, including the German Ambassador, Lord and Lady Muncaster,

Chatsworth. Mr. and Mrs. Lulu Harcourt, Mr. Edward Hughes, whose admirable portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire is said to be the best ever done, Miss Alice Hughes, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and Colonel and Mrs. Lascelles. Shortly after Christmas, what may be called an amateur theatrical house-party will be gathered together at Chatsworth, and it is probable that a costume-play will be performed, the "leading lady" being Miss Muriel Wilson,

who is so clever an actress that it is said she was offered, some two years ago, an engagement on the real stage.

Mr. Charles Grant, Lord Rosebery's future son-in-law, is affectionately remembered at Harrow as one of twin brothers who used to be called by Dr. Welldon, the then Head-master, "the great twin brethren," for they were both more than common tall. Mr. Robert Grant was killed at Ladysmith, his death being a peculiarly sad tragedy, for the brothers had scarcely ever been separated, though they had entered different regiments. Mr. Grant, who is typically Scottish in appearance and

manner, comes of a military family, his father, General Grant, being a distinguished soldier. Mr. Grant has also a connection with politics, for he was a nephew of the late Mr. C. Cotes, in his day a very popular Liberal Whip.

Of the many splendid functions which will fill up The Delhi Ball. the Durbar Week at Delhi, undoubtedly the most interest, after that of the actual Durbar, centres on the great ball which is to take place in the Diwan-i-an, the Great Hall of Audience, where in prehistoric days the Great Mogul sat and received his vassals. Great pains have been taken to keep to the old Mogul style of architecture. Large as the hall is, it has been found necessary to build an extension, and the walls of this temporary building have been exquisitely frescoed with designs exactly recalling the marvellous series which ornament the Taj at Agra.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY: COOKS ON A WARSHIP PREPARING THE DINNER.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY: MEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN STATION EATING THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

### SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Christmas in Paris. It is in three parts, is Christmas in Paris (writes The Sketch Correspondent in that city). There is the Réveillon, or Christmas Eve, when the parents go out and feast and defy every instinct of digestion. Champagne flows at midnight and still later, and the steaming boudin is served. In the history of the kitchen there was never a more diabolically compounded sausage than that boudin. You feel it from the start, and when at dawn the little ones sing carols for all the wonders "le petit Jésus" has brought down the chimney, parents put their heads under the pillow and sleep on. The Champs-Elysées is a glorious sight to see. It is a perfect maelström of pretty children, each carrying a fancy balloon and all laden with gaily coloured presents. Dives may look down on Lazarus because her dolly says five words and the other only squeaks. And the third and heavy part is transferred to New Year's Day, when every mortal person who might, could, would, or should have invited

Byronism
Redivivus.

The Théâtre de l'Œuvre has just given a very creditable performance of Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's music, at the Nouveau Théâtre.

Lugné-Poë rallied his troupe splendidly, and, although any ambitious work must always suffer by the exigencies of the Nouveau Théâtre, the impression was excellent, particularly as the music has been rendered very popular by orchestras in Paris.

A Strange Connoisseur.

The opening of the Dutuit Collection at the Petit Palais, in the Champs-Elysées, is a world-wide artistic event. He was—Dutuit—the strangest art-collector that the world has probably ever seen. He lived in a ramshackle, mean street in Rouen. His general appearance suggested a fifth-rate beggar. His coat was patched, no attention to colour had been paid to the reconstruction of the wear of time in his trousers,



"PALE QUEEN OF NIGHT."

you to dinner has to be visited and cards left. Forget that, and you are pitilessly struck off every visiting-list.

The Duke of Hamilton's Death.

The Maison Dorée is to disappear, and in a few months more or less flourishing shops will be installed on the world-famous site in the Rue Laffitte. No tale told in the aristocratic night-café was more commented on than the death of the Duke of Hamilton. M. René de Pont-Jest, the sole survivor of the fatal evening, gives the true story. The hours had crawled far into the morning. The convives were far advanced in inebriation and champagne was being uncorked by the dozens for the recklessly gay party. They were the Comte de Plouec, Max Radiguet, and Colonel Howard, Military Attaché of the British Embassy. The Duke seemed all right, although the others groped their way with difficulty. He was at the top of the staircase when he turned to finally salute the ladies. He fell back to the bottom and was picked up by Pont-Jest, dying. The dizzy rollickers could understand nothing, but, when the Duke had been laid out on a sofa and a shudder passed over his face, it was taken as a sign that he was coming round, so champagne was opened and his health drunk. He was conveyed to the Hôtel Bristol, where he lingered for three days. At times he would leave his bed and struggle to the windows looking on the Place Vendôme. He knew that he was dying, but he never spoke even to Napoleon III.

which were patchwork. Children at the corner of the street gibed and even flung offal at him. And still, what is curious, he did not confine this indifference to his outward appearance. A clothless deal table was all that decorated his dining-room, and he dined off a piece of newspaper. Yet that strange man was spending millions of francs on works of art that had been the glory of seigneurial halls and royal palaces. Paris is the richer for an artistic gem.

The Motor Show. It is literally impossible to imagine the popularity of the Motor Show. I remember it eight years ago at the Palais de l'Industrie, when you had the place to yourself it you got down before eleven. Now it is the Armenonville of winter, and every luncheon-table is reserved by the Tout Paris. Luxury is predominant. I was in a brougham the other afternoon that simply enveloped you in springs and horsehair, and yet was guaranteed for a hundred and twenty kilomètres an hour.

Santos-Dumont. The fatal accidents to de Bradsky and Severo have completely destroyed in Paris all interest in the Santos-Dumont exploits. Over his Number "IX." it is felt that if he cannot go up in the frost, in muggy weather, and dare not risk a breeze, there is very little to disturb a city about and suggest an onward march in science. Poor Dumont is, meanwhile, being married off at a great rate.



A WORK called "Les Théâtres Anglais," that I have just been reading, gives one a good deal to think about. For the author, M. Georges Bourdon, formerly Manager of the Odéon Theatre, and obviously a man of intelligence and taste, in a book guite guality and applied to the control of the cont quite gushingly polite concerning some aspects of our stage, is very severe about the plays. Indeed, I cannot help quoting a few lines—

You think you are present to see a drama, a comedy in which there will be gaiety or sorrow. . . It is a mere child's story that is told to you. You hear the characters talk and fancy that they express thoughts and exchange ideas; but they only say words, words, words. It is a history of a long-lost daughter found again, of a marriage thwarted, of spouses disunited, or of lovers whose engagement is opposed; but be sure that in the last Act the god of marriage will recompense the patience of the sweethearts, or that the husband and wife will find happiness again as result of a scene in which the friend, unwittingly guilty, will disappear by an heroic sacrifice; and so you will have a chance of sharing in the triumph of virtue and the apotheosis of morality.

He notes that most of the principal theatres are "devoted to the plays of the burlesque class, to the comedy-farces, to the operettas where clowning is mixed with comic songs, which are the peculiar features of In plain English, one has the foreigner, like Mr. Arthur-Jones, complaining that too much of our theatre is given up to mere Of course, there are many people, and some of them very clever, who look upon this state of things as satisfactory and are bold enough to say that the proper function of a theatre is to be merely a place of entertainment. The word "entertainment" is used so often that I come to think of the sign-boards of country inns with their announcement of "Entertainment for man and beast" seeing how some of the places—not the inns—are conducted, one feels that the word "beast" ought to be underlined.

Our French author finds much to admire in the London theatres,

notably in the mounting of the plays; for, though he thinks that the actual scene-painters are inferior to those in Paris, he treats "the production" as far finer and expresses the view that very often the wonderful settings, such as those at His Majesty's, far from distracting the attention of the house, actually assist in explaining and in reinforcing the ideas of the piece—though it is hard to see how this can be the case with the plays that have no ideas, but only words, words, words. This theory leads one to the question as to whether the last fifty years have not shown a great change in audiences. Apparently, our fathers got as much pleasure out of the relatively ill-mounted pieces as we do out of our gorgeous productions. They listened with enthusiasm to comparatively austere and absolutely long dramas in uncomfortable theatres, where the scenery, as a rule, was such as hardly would be tolerated now in a small provincial town; and not only that, but, apparently, they were even more affected by the performances than we by those given to us, since there is reason to believe that the phrase, "The house rose, willy-nilly, half out of their seats, and leaned forward in an ecstasy of applause," is not a mere figure of speech. If it be not a mere figure, then it is clear that there has been a change in audiences or in actors, or that the modern conditions of comfort before and splendour behind the footlights are adverse to the drama. I believe that all three elements are working effectively.

There has apparently been a change in style of acting, which, lst in some instances it acts for good, causes the players whilst in some instances it acts for good, causes the to have diminished influence over an audience. People have said that the great emotional acting is a thing of the past. At first sight the statement seems absurd. There are far more players in the land than there used to be, and they come from a wider range of classes of society. Moreover, a good many of them are not hampered by lack of technique. Assume that it is harder for the young actor to learn his business now than in former days, yet most of our popular players have had ample experience and training. Why, then, do they have a less terrific effect on the audience than their predecessors? One may, of course, ask whether the accounts of the past performances were not full of exaggeration. The old journalist, alas, has less faith in the accuracy of his brother scribes than Othello in Iago. He knows too well that the descriptive writer is more anxious to be picturesque than merely correct—that the thought of a neat phrase. will take him off the track of truth. Yet, after all such discount as should be made, I believe that greater effect used to be caused, and I have heard this clearly stated by people of sober judgment and in a position to form a true opinion. My own view is that when, as often was the case, the player had the power to concentrate the thoughts of the house on himself and the play, so that they were unconscious for the time of defects in scenery and costume, he had his audience more in his power than is possible under the present system. Lack of beauty, or even the actual presence of some ugliness or absurdity, in

the scenes was not so distracting to the spectator as the excess of "Guess how many flowers there are sticking on that tree, ornateness. said a neighbour to me some time ago when I was watching what should have been a thrilling scene. "Hush," I murmured; but after a while I began to count and then to grow curious to see exactly at what point these flowers ceased to be real artificial flowers and were mere splashes of paint on a back-cloth into which the tree was ingeniously merged. It has been suggested that the bygone players had a greater effect because they played with an intense vehemence possible in a run of a few nights, impossible in a run of modern length. There is, however, no evidence to support this, and I think most players act their hardest

on a first-night nowadays.

In a sense, what I have been saying has no great bearing on the production of "Othello" at the Lyric. For Mr. Forbes-Robertson can neither be charged with over-gorgeousness nor with excessive economy. Indeed, I think he has been quite successful in hitting the mean—though, perhaps, not the golden mean. The mounting is rich enough, the costumes are handsome, and the principal scene gives an agreeable picture. Nothing seems to have been introduced merely to be gazed upon. Yet, touching the costume, I raise a protest against be gazed upon. Yet, touching the costume, I raise a protest against the turban worn by Mr. Robertson, and, indeed, a good deal of his dress. I see no reason for imagining that a brilliant officer in the Venetian service would, because of his complexion and origin, emphasise both by a costume needlessly Oriental, and, indeed, there is some show of scorn used by him in speaking of the "turban'd" Turk. This mere question of common-sense and probability is less Turk. This mere question of common-sense and probability is less important than the fact that the general effect of costume and "make-up" caused the actor to have the air of an ascetic Oriental philosopher. Wrongly or rightly, I have always thought of Othello as a rather "beefy!" man, a bluff fellow of great muscular power—and that was the case—with a simple mind and a highly developed sensualism. One has to read but few of his speeches to see how strong a part the animal played in his thoughts. How far from this was the Othello of the present actor, whose fury was not like that of a powerful man, but, rather savagely cat-like. It was useless asking one to think that the rather, savagely cat-like. It was useless asking one to think that the Waring Iago could have cozened the Robertson Othello: the two ought to exchange parts, and though I do not say that Mr. Waring would be the ideal Moor of Venice, I certainly think that his strong, masculine bearing and vigorous speech, and Mr. Robertson's suggestion of intellectuality and his rich, insinuating voice, would make them a more impressive pair if the parts were distributed the other way.

There is, indeed, much beauty in some passages of the new Othello when the man has fallen out of his fury into his intense sorrowsome of the lines were perfectly delivered and the manner was rich in sad dignity. The house was really stirred by his scenes of wrath and anguish in the third Act, and much applause greeted him; but nowhere in the affair was there the great emotional effect of which I have been writing; our applause was an expression of admiration, and not the noise of pent-up emotion—in fact, it was a comparatively partial exhibition and unequally shared among the people in different parts of the house. In truth, although the clapping was vigorous and kept up for a long time, there seemed no signs of the ecstatic state of enthusiasm described by a famous American humorist, who, after some great performance, felt a longing to take off his boots and give them to the man sitting next to him. No doubt, the matter is one of temperament—a blessed, useful word. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the ideal Hamlet, could hardly be the ideal Othello: the men are poles asunder, and, moreover, very wonderfully differentiated by the dramatist. It was but natural that, at the bottom, the Othello should be the Prince of Denmark with a turban and coffee-stained face and that his moments of fury should not be very impressive. Mr. Waring, whose performance as the wicked husband in "The Masqueraders" was a powerful piece of acting that I recollect vividly, was not intended by Nature to represent such a Machiavellian villain as Iago: in a sense, he played too well, for without the positive evidence of his statements the audience would not have detected the sound of incinerative in his greathers he lied too. have detected the sound of insincerity in his speeches; he lied too much like truth. Still, there were passages well delivered by him. Miss Gertrude Elliott did not commit the fault of giving too much prominence to the part of Desdemona, in which she looked very pretty. There was quite a round of applause, well deserved, for Mr. Ben Webster after his skilfully rendered drunken scene in the part of Cassio. Miss Lena Ashwell's powerful rendering of Emilia was, perhaps, the best piece of work in the production. Mr. Graham Browne seemed a little quaintly modern as the Roderigo, and yet there was cleverness in his acting. Miss de Burgh's Bianca merits some praise, and the Brabantio of Mr. Sydney Valentine was effective.



MISS MADGE LESSING, PRINCIPAL GIRL IN "MOTHER GOOSE" AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.IV.

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# ROUND THE PANTOMIMES.

VEN as "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" ("and Nancy," as Henry J. Byron added), so at Yuletide the playsper's fancy turns to thoughts of pantomime, either with a view to patronising such shows himself or to taking thereto certain budding branches of his family. Naturally, in considering these Christmas concoctions, one thinks first of Old Drury. In connection with this ancient and accepted playhouse, pantomime has ever thriven, since it was first introduced into these islands, when it aroused the gentle ire of Mr. Spectator and those of his inclining.

Those of us who have fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf can well remember patronising many excellent

#### DRURY LANE

pantomimes, say for the last forty years or so. These pantomimes were, as a rule, written by that most genial of critics and chroniclers,

the late E. L. Blanchard, at first for the eccentric, not to say ebullient, E. T. Smith, and later for the more sedate but not always more tactful F. B. Chatterton.

Both these managers took care to give us good pantomimes, presented by good players, and served up with fine scenic and spectacular "effects," according to their lights—which, of course, were not in those days electric lights. But, despite the laudator temporis acti that ever prevails, especially among old playgoers, I, speaking from equal experience, defy them to prove that any early Drury Lane pantomimes ever approached-in spectacular beauty, anyhow-those afterwards produced by my dear old lamented friend, Sir Augustus Harris, and latterly by his apt

pupil and able successor, my young friend, Arthur Collins.

Apart from Mr. Leno's valuable humorous aid, the Drury Lane pantomime will have the excellent panfomime will have the excellent help of Miss Madge Lessing (of America) as Jill, the heroine, and of Miss Maud Beatty (of Australia) as the hero, Colin. Mother Leno-Goose's growing boys will be respectively impersonated by Mr. Herbert Campbell and Little Mr. Zola. A very important "written in" character is that of a Dutch servant to be played by Miss Marie George. The music is by Mr. James M. Glover, a well-approved Druriolanean helper in this connection. The big scenes will include a marvellous "Pansy" procession, a wonderful Goose Fair

(with sundry geese of all nations, thin, fat, and middling), and a startling "procession" scene depicting all the varieties and vagaries of the Exhibition of Le Nouveau Art.

The other West-End pantomimes are those provided at two leading

Variety Theatres, namely,

#### THE LONDON HIPPODROME

and the Tivoli-which house will for the first time enter the region of Pantomimia. The Hippodrome piece has for its subject the always popular story of "Dick Whittington." As was the case with all previous spectacular affairs at the "Hippo," the mise-en-scène is the work of Mr. Frank Parker, who promises, among other grand "effects," a five-thousand-pound City Guild scene wherein each City Company jewelled emblem carried will cost forty pounds. To this scene and to several other episodes in this "Dick Whittington" show most patrons will doubtless apply Dominie Sampson's remark, "Prodigious!" At

#### THE TIVOLI

(which is not, as many appear to think, the first music-hall to go in for a regular pantomime) the subject chosen is the increasingly popular "Cinderella." The heroine will be played by Miss Daisy Semon, and the Baron by Mr. Ambrose Thorne, a rising comedian of considerable humorous promise. This Tivoli pantomime is to be given several afternoons per week, as well as every evening, in conjunction with Mr. Albert Chevalier's always welcome "coster" and other clever character recitals. This pantomime, which is of some forty minutes' duration, will have a most gorgeous Palace Ball-room scene, wherein will be worn a large number of Prize costumes from the Covent Garden dances. By way of alterative to the Tivoli's general gaiety, Miss Vesta Tilley (usually full of liveliness) will present a tiny tragedy written around the poverty-stricken boy-poet, Chatterton. At

#### THE CORONET THEATRE

(which, although as far off as Notting Hill, is fast becoming quite a real West-End playhouse), Mr. E. G. Saunders will present a "Forty Thieves" pantomine, which will—like Vilikins' Dinah's proposed rich husband—be "both gorgeous and gay." The book is by Mr. Fred Bowyer, the music by Mr. Clarence

Bowyer, the music by Mr. Clarence Corri, and the scenery (which is really beautiful) is by Mr. Julian Hicks. Miss Winifred Hare will enact Ganem; Mr. James Blakeley (late a music-hall "Musketeer") will play Mrs. Ali Babi, and the funny Johnnie Schofield will be the hen-pecked Ali Babi; Miss May Dark, Abdallah; Mr. Ivan Berlyn, Cassim; the Brothers Harrison, Hassarac and Cassarac; Miss Lilv Elsie. Morgiana: little Miss Lily-Elsie, Morgiana; little Miss Phyllis Dare, Sesame; Mr. Saker Harlow, a Donkey of extraordinary habits; and Mr. Jimson, the clever Animal Mimic, will represent a Wonderful Rooster whose feathered garb has cost quite a good round sum—as Shylock would say.
Mr. Saunders will, as before,

also produce a grand pantomime at

#### THE CAMDEN THEATRE.

This is "Aladdin," and has been prepared by the same librettist and composer. As at the Coronet, the costumes have been designed and made by Mr. W. Clarkson, and the Coroner's last year's wonderful "Cronery Orchard" scene will form a special feature. The Camden Company is very strong in comedians, including Mr. Harry Randall, Mr. Ernest Shand, and Messrs. Griffin and Dubois. The name-part will be played by Miss Eva Sandford, and the Princess by Miss Vera Vere.

# AT KENNINGTON THEATRE,

Mr. Robert Arthur will present

pantomime, written by his resident librettist and "producer," Mr. Walter Summers, and entitled "The Babes in the Wood." The hero, bearing the somewhat local name of Lord Doddington, will be played by Miss Olive Marston, and the heroine, Maid Marian, by Miss Lydia Edmonds. The Babes, Edna and Egbert, will be respectively enacted by those two clever child-actresses, Misses Clarisse Heney and Gladys Archbutt. Miss Maud Rundell, an artistic niece of Miss Kate Phillips, will be the principal dancer: and the principal comedy parts will be sustained by principal dancer; and the principal comedy parts will be sustained by Messrs. Paul Mill, W. P. Dempsey, H. M. Edmunds, and Joe Bracewell. Among the special scenic features will be Epping Forest, and the Haunted Chamber, wherein the bold, bad villains are frightened out of their woeful, wicked wits. As of yore,

#### THE SURREY THEATRE

will go in for pantomime, its custom always for about a hundred years past. Here will be found "Cinderella," with all sorts of novel and wonderful effects, and with wildly comic business, provided chiefly by Mr. George Conquest, who has inherited much of his late gifted father's humorous ingenuity in the devising of startling situations. Mr. Conquest, who is of massive proportions, will impersonate one Ugly Sister, and that miniature but merry knockabout, Little Dando,



MISS MARIE GEORGE, ENGAGED TO PLAY IN "MOTHER GOOSE," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Il', and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

# ROUND THE PANTOMIMES.

will play the other. The remaining principal parts will be enacted by the well-known "variety" Sisters who are not inaptly surnamed Sprightly (representing Cinderella, Dandini, and the Cook respectively), and Miss Maud Nelson, long a Surrey favourite, will play the Mysterious Prince. At

THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE

(which is almost on the site of perhaps the very first playhouse ever put up in the London district, namely, the Newington Butts Theatre), Mr. E. H. Bull will present a "Babes in the Wood" pantomime which promises to be, as the old music-hall ditty hath it, "lively, very lively."

Another pantomime of great importance to the further South-

Eastern consumers is that at

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

This merry mixture, produced by Mr. Humphrey E. Brammal, is entitled "Cinderella." The heroine is to be played by Miss Alice entitled "Cinderella." The heroine is to be played by Miss Alice Digby, a very dainty damsel; Miss Elsie Steadman will be the Prince, and the dashing Miss Billie Barlow, Dandini. There will also be four excellent and well-contrasted comedians, namely, Messrs. Charles Coborn, George Le Clerq, Little Levite, and Will Poluski.

At that other great more or less al-fresco Palace,

THE ALEXANDRA,

at Muswell Hill, there will be a pantomime for the first time for nearly a quarter of a century. This is on the subject of "Robinson Crusoe," and has been written by Mr. John Henderson and fitted with music by Mr. John Wilson. The principal boy will be represented by the popular music-hall "serio" who is mostly billed as "Bonnie" Rose Chandon, the principal girl by Miss Millie Henderson, Pirate Will Atkins by Mr. Will Victor, Friday by Mr. Arthur Dandoe, and Mrs. Crusoe by a comedian with the famous old stage-name of Oxberry. A special feature will be a series of quaint and picturesque ballets arranged by that celebrated dancing-master, Mr. Paul Valentine.

In these Northern regions of the Metropolis there will also be found other fine and funny pantomimes, notably, "Dick Whittington,"



MISS ETHEL NEGRETTI, ENGAGED TO PLAY LADY IDA IN "MOTHER GOOSE," AT DRURY LANE.

produced by Mr. Robert Arthur, at the Grand Theatre, Islington; and "Red Riding Hood," to be produced by the equally busy Mr. F. W. Purcell, at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington. At the first-named house, Miss Madge Merry (formerly of Drury Lane) will play the hero, and Miss Ruby Verdi the heroine; the smart little Mr. R. H. Douglass will impersonate Sergeant Bizbuz, of the City Watch; Idle Lack and Alderman Fitz-

Bizbuz, of the City Waten; Idle Jack and Alderman Fitzwarren will be played by the agile Haytor Brothers; the Animals in the Alderman's by Menagerie Brothers and Donaldson Ardell, celebrated simian mimics; and Sarah Ann, the Cook, by a new American comedian with the poetic name of Longfellow, of whom I hear great things.

Further North—at

THE OPERA HOUSE, CROUCH END,

to wit - Mr. C. St. John Denton will produce (for Messrs. Frederick Mouillot and Duncan Young) a grand "Cinderella" pantomime, written by Mr. Charles Kitts and supplied with original music by Mr. Phil Davis. The clever Company engaged includes that artistic comedian, Mr. George Mudie, and Miss Emmie Owen, formerly of the Savoy but latterly of the Antipodes. One of the chief features of a varied show will be supplied by Dainez's droll ponies, donkeys, and dogs—a truly merry menagerie. Still in the North will be found a Still in pantomime at the Dalston Theatre, where merriment in this connection always rules strongly. At

THE PAVILION, MILE END,

Mr. Isaac Cohen will present

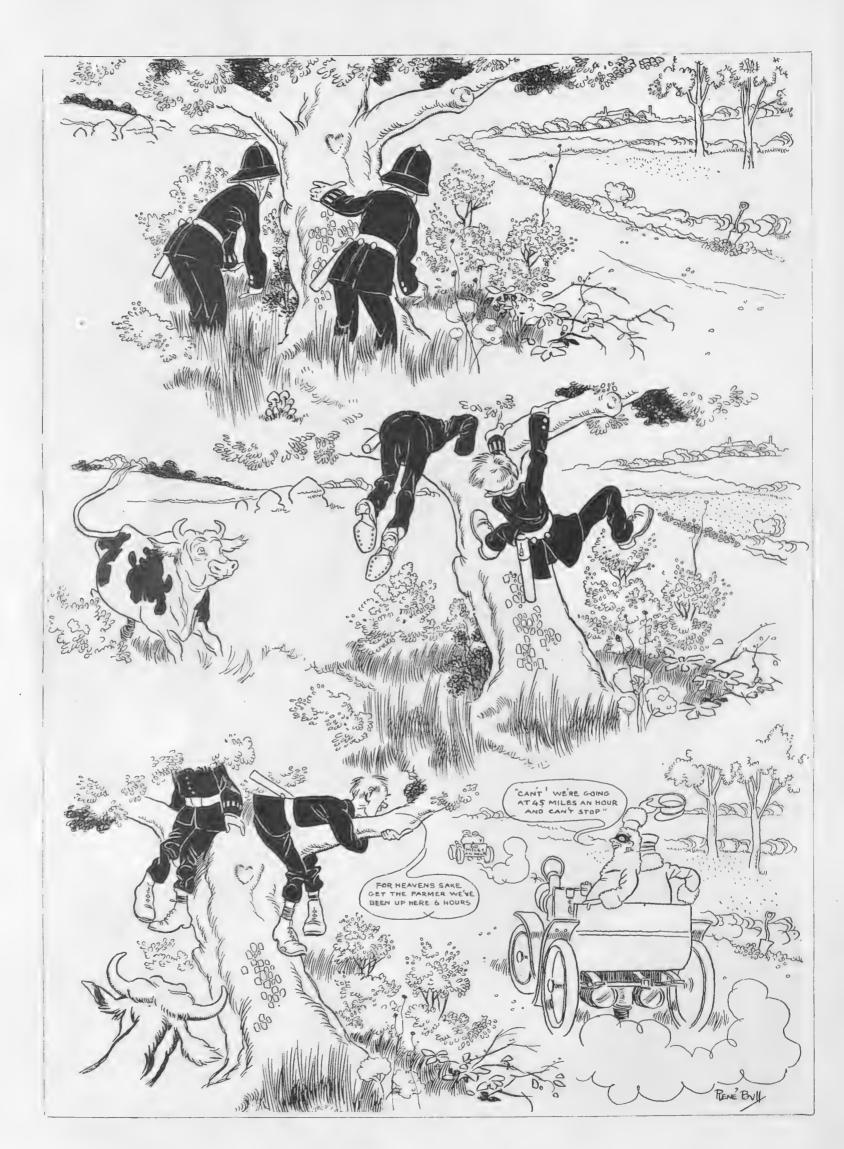


MISS RUTH LYTTON. DICK WHITINGTON AT THE LONDON HIPFODROME.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

to his numerous patrons a well-written and bright version of "Little Red Riding Hood." As usual, great stress is laid upon Mr. Alfred Terraine's scenery, which is always exceedingly beautiful. The heroine will be played by Miss Alice Lloyd (one of Miss Marie's several sisters), and the principal boy by Miss Jessie Preston, who for one season played Miss Farren's part, Little Jack Sheppard, at the Gaiety. The principal comedians are the Brothers McNaughton (always droll), Mr. Will Johnson, and Mr. Henry Wright, who is so all-round a comedian that, other things being equal, he could play all the parts himself. I think I may promise you that the principal scenes, such as "By the Margin of the Sleeping Waters," "The Glade in the Forest," and "The Palace of Flowers," will worthily sustain the spectacular reputation of this playhouse, which for its scale of productions has long been known as "the Drury Lane of the East.

The only other Christmas shows at the West-End proper are fairy plays, including Mr. Rutland Barrington's adaptation of Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies," so strongly cast and so beautifully produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick, and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's pretty new (or rather, new and pretty) play, "An Un-Fairy Princess," which Mr. Frederic A. Stanley (assisted by Mr. Seymour Hicks) has excellently put on at the Shaftesbury. Both these are at present to be seen at daily matinées only. It may be added that Mr. J. M. Barrie's two quaint and dainty plays, "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton," at the Vaudeville and the Duke of York's respectively, can safely be regarded as excellent holiday fare both for inveniles and for safely be regarded as excellent holiday fare both for juveniles and for "children of a larger growth," as a certain bard once described men and women. Several matinées of these two pieces will be given per week during the holidays.



IN THE CAUSE OF DUTY.

A MOTOR-CAR STORY BY RENE BULL.

# MODES FOR MOTORISTS.



FOR SPEED.



FOR MOTOR-CYCLING.



IN VERY STORMY WEATHER.



A FOAL-SKIN COAT WITH RACOON COLLAR



A FRENCH MODEL HAT WITH DETACHABLE DUST-CURTAIN,



A WOLF-SKIN COAT AND WATER-PROOF CLOTH CAP.



A NATURAL SEAL COAT AND GLOVES.



CANVAS CAP WITH SUN-CURTAIN.



A REINDEER COAT AND CAP FOR VERY COLD WEATHER.

Photographed by Foulsham and Banfield from Dresses supplied by Alfred Dunhill.

#### MY VISITING LIST.

#### BY AN ECLECTIC HOSTESS.

#### H.—MR. W. S. PENLEY.

ET me honestly confess at the outset that, although Mr. W. S. Penley occupies so prominent a place on my visiting list, and is one of my most welcome guests, it is very seldom indeed that I am lucky enough to get him to my house. It's a thousand pities, for Nature absolutely cut him out for a lion, and he has chosen to deliberately fly in her face. He doesn't care one atom for Society, and is fearfully "un-smart," for he prefers his wife's society even to mine, and is never happier than when at home. Did one ever hear of anything more too utterly bourgeois? I can forgive him everything but

his domesticity—and an actor, too! What is more, my husband says he doesn't see very much of him at the Club, though when he does put in an appearance there he is not in a hurry to leave it.

a hurry to leave it.
—Still, Mr. Penley has "put his feet under my mahogany"—I believe that's the expression though only once. And he was such a success! I asked just the right people to meet him-all the people, you know, who had been trying to get him to their houses and couldn't, and you can imagine what a delightful surprise his appearance created. And when they all asked him how it was he had never accepted any of their invitations, he said, "My dear lady, I never go anywhere, you know. No, really; 1 assure you." Of course, theyall laughed, though I confess I didn't see the joke; but, then, it's the right thing to laugh at Penley, and he doesn't mind it a bit. After all, I suppose if I'd made my fortune by being laughed at, I shouldn't mind a

perpetual giggle.

He isn't a bit like the usual actor, somehow, for he can talk about other things besides the theatre. Naturally, though, I kept bringing the conversation round to him, and he told us no end of funny stories, which made the servants laugh so that I thought they'd spill half the dishes. And, whenever he told a particularly

extravagant story, he turned round to me and said, "As Heaven's my judge, my dear, that's a perfect fact. You mustn't mind my calling you 'my dear'—it's a way we have in the theatre." My husband said he was funniest when the ladies had gone up to the drawing-room, for he has a way of putting a big cigar into the corner of his mouth that is simply irresistible and reminds you so of him in "Charley's Aunt." After dinner, he played for us a little, but he wouldn't "perform," which was rather annoying, for I'd half-promised one or two people to make him. But, though he's such a dear, sweet, funny little man, I should think he's got a will of his own. At any rate, a girl I know who was in one of his Companies told me he had. She said, too, that he was far more popular out of the theatre than in it; but, then, as she's one of the worst actresses I ever saw, I wasn't surprised at that.

Anyhow, whatever he may be in the theatre, he's awfully good-natured out of it. He gave me such a big cheque for my East-End

Bridge Society, and goodness knows what the butler got for helping him on with his coat, for Jenkins has never been the same man since. The other day, when he was told that there were half-a-dozen people coming to dinner, he asked if Mr. Penley would be among them, and looked so disappointed when I said "no." He even had the impertinence to say that "Mr. Penley was a real gentleman," and I had to rebuke him quite severely. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether he was strictly sober, and that was two days after dear little Mr. Penley had been to dinner.

I said just now that Mr. Penley wasn't a bit like other actors; and no more he is. He told me that he hardly ever put his nose inside

ever put his nose anside any other theatre than his own, and he doesn't seem to go to that one more often than he can help. I really believe he looks upon acting as a bore, and I suppose that, after "Charley's Aunt," every piece must seem rather tame. By the way, he was quite annoyed when my husband said that, except for his part, he didn't care much for the piece. I wonder whether he wrote any of it? I really think he must have.

To my mind, Mr. Penley is just as funny off the stage as he is on it, but I'm told that he doesn't like to hear that, so I didn't tell him so. In fact, I believe he'd like to be taken much more seriously as an actor than he is, though I've never heard that he wanted to play Hamlet. And, although his voice always makes me laugh, I'm sure it's only because he will make such absurd faces and roll his eyes so, for, as a matter of fact, it's a very fine, rich voice, and he can sing delightfully when he chooses. Johnny Travers, who stayed with him once, told me he heard him singing in his bath, and it was "ripping," and, of course, everyone knows that he was a chorister before he went on the stage. But, besides his voice and his face, I'm quite sure his walk has had a good deal to do with his success. It's the most delightful thing imaginable.



MR W. S. PENLEY.

Drawn by René Bull.

I hope he won't mind, but I really can't take him seriously. I know he's grey and got grown-up children, and is quite a local magnate down in the country somewhere, but I simply cannot get away from "Charley's Aunt." And then he's so bright and quite a boy in his manners. How could one take him seriously when, on my husband saying that we hoped he'd dine with us again, he said: "Rather, dear old boy; only too pleased"? My husband, by the way, simply loves him, and can't make out how it is he's got enemies. Surely it can't be because people say he 's such a shrewd man of business? But I have met people who don't like him at all, though I've never been able to make out the reason. Anyhow, I know of heaps of generous things that he's done, and I never knew anyone kinder with children. But, of course, every successful man is sure to have a lot of nasty things said about him, and Mr. Penley has been extraordinarily lucky.



# I.-FROM THE WINTER TO THE SPRING.

THERE was no sunshine in London, and on the South Coast I found a sad succession of dull, cold days. "Seasonable for the time of year and very bracing," said the inhabitants of these dismal places, and I stopped my shivering for a moment to agree with them, just out of politeness. Then I crossed the Channel, which did not like to be crossed and expressed its indignation in the usual manner, and went on to Paris, where I found wind and rain in abundance.

"Ah!" said a Nationalist friend of mine when he came under the awning of the café on the Boul' Mich' and put down his dripping umbrella and turned down his wet coat-collar, "Paris, she is always charming. You will be happy in Paris; you will never go back to London."

But I was not happy in Paris, though Van Dyck was singing at the Opera and there were some splendid plays to be seen. I' did not want gaiety so much as sunshine, so I made haste to book for the district to which the summer passes when it is tired of the British Isles and the North of France.

Last night I joined the cosmopolitan crowd of sun-seekers at the Gare de Lyon. How the rain poured down! How the wind tried to drive it through every open door and window leading to the platform! How eagerly one waited for the start before settling down to slumber! When, at last, the great train began to move, it was comforting to chuckle at the absurd efforts of wind and rain to break into the warm carriages that stole with ever-increasing speed out of



Paris. For half-an-nour or so I was content to watch the lights of the small stations that shone for a brief moment and were left behind, and then the rhythmic movement of the train shaped itself slowly but surely into a slumber-song.

It was a very charming song, all about sunshine on blue waters, and mountain-sides covered with olives and pines and ilex-trees; of oleanders in the bed of mountain streams, of gardens filled with summer flowers; of orange groves and lemons, and perfume of myrtle and rose. Somewhere the song ceased; I heard porters shouting

"Lyons! Lyons!" and opening carriage - doors ostensibly for people to enter or leave, but in reality to avenge Waterloo on any sleeping Britons.

on any sleeping Britons.

Thereafter I knew nothing until I awoke with a start to find the train at rest in Avignon, in front of a long stall at which hot coffee and rolls were being dispensed to grateful travellers. away in the East, looking rather sleepy but as goodnatured as ever, was the friend I had travelled so far to see—King Sol himself. It was not eight o'clock, there were a few fleecy clouds in the blue sky, and the air was mild and fresh, indescribably pleasant after what had passed for atmosphere in London. There was no suggestion of such a season as winter; one had left it far behind,



and for the rest of the journey there would be spring or early summer. The train sped through red-roofed Tarascon, whence Tartarin, the mighty hunter, went to do battle with those lions of Africa; and entered the district where the French folk are so burnt by the sun that they would insist upon having Spanish bull-fights with Spanish matadors o' Sundays until the powers that rule in Paris declared they would not allow the Loi Grammont to be disregarded, and put an end to the corridas by filling the plazas with soldiers.

Marseilles is reached, and I look out to see if I can catch a glimpse of Notre-Dame de la Garde, looking out over the waters and keeping a loving eye upon the fisher-folk who bring so many offerings to her shrine. Then, as though to prepare the way for the great impending change, the route becomes uninteresting for a brief period, until Toulon is left behind and another long, smooth run brings us to St. Raphael, where the Riviera begins in earnest. On the right there is sparkling water that sends sprays of crystal into the air as it meets the rocks; on the left are gardens and villas, with mountains and quaint rock villages for background. Everywhere there are flowers and fruit; the natives and visitors are dressed for the summer, the country roads are white and dusty, well patronised by cyclists, and motor-cars filled with gay people who, I fear, make one or two attempts to race the train.

Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Beaulieu, all the old, familiar stations are passed; they look as fresh and summer-like as the new paint and new uniforms of the officials and hôtel servants can make them. Monaco is reached; one catches the first glimpse of Monte Carlo, and, a few minutes later, the train stops there. It is a very hot afternoon, 'the white town glows amid the greenery of the mountain-side, the birds are singing in the Casino Gardens, and on the station platform the little boy in buttons is crying "Ascenseurs!" just as he or his predecessor was calling when I passed through Monte Carlo two years ago.

#### LITERARY LOUNGER. THE

T is pleasant to hear that the two great Norwegian writers, Ibsen and Björnson, are on terms of friendship. Ibsen sent birthday greetings to Björnson which lay undiscovered for some days among the piles of letters and telegrams. Björnson, on discovering the letter, immediately visited Ibsen. It will be remembered that Ibsen's son married Björnson's daughter, and a handsomer couple I have never seen. Though Ibsen is not writing anything for immediate publication, I have good reason to believe that he will leave behind him ample materials for his biographer.

I was asked the other day by the Editor of a well-known literary paper to mention the two new books which had most pleased and

interested me during the year. It is not easy to make a selection, for one may be very much interested in a book without being quite pleased with it. I should say, however, that in literary criticism the most striking book of the year that I have seen is "Tolstoi as Man and Artist," published by Messrs.
Constable. However little one may agree with M. Merejkowski, he is a most suggestive and challenging writer, and I hope that the publishers will be encouraged to issue a translation of his book on the religion of Tolstoi. Next to that I should put the Memoir and Essays of Whitand Essays of Whitwell Elwin, formerly Editor of the Quarterly Review. The memoir is singularly candid and contains attractive glimpses of Thackeray and others. The essays are not up to-date, but they are excellent in their kind. Whitwell Elwin had the instinct of the true biographer for selection and proportion. There is no better study of Samuel Johnson in the language than his, not even the brief biography of Sir Leslie Stephen. While much less brilliant than the essays of Macaulay and Carlyle, it is far

Of the novels published during the year,

lished during the year,
I should put first

Mr. Seton Merriman's
story, "The Vultures." It is at once the deepest and the most interesting book Mr. Merriman has written. He prejudices many readers by his tendency to moralise, but if he always moralised as wisely and sweetly as in "The Vultures" no one could find fault with him. His skill as a story-teller increases, and his local colour is excellent, not obtrusive and glaring, but enough to give that background which all good novels ought to have. Next to this I should put Mr. A. E. W. Mason's story, "The Four Feathers." The best part of this is the scene in which the young girl hands back three white feathers to her lover, and adds a white feather from herself. Both these novels gain much by change of scene. Mr. Seton Merriman takes us to Poland, much by change of scene. Mr. Seton Merriman takes us to Poland, and Mr. Mason takes us to Egypt, and it is easy to see that they have been there before, and have seen and remembered. Mr. Mason's growing reputation will be much increased by his last success. After

these may be named Miss Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust." It does not attain the dimensions of a regular novel, but it is admirably written, and there is a touch of genius about it which lifts it clear above the level.

Among biographical books, the Life of James Martineau should have been the most remarkable, but the authors have given so much attention to Martineau as a writer and as a public man that personal details fall far into the background. I doubt whether it is any part of a biographer's business to give accounts and summaries of the books written by his subject. If anyone wants to know, he should refer to the We want the living personality. Another excellent book, which is hardly likely

to meet with the attention it deserves, is Mrs. Russell Gurney's Letters. Mrs. Russell Gurney belonged to the class so well represented by Lady Mount-Temple. She was a pietist, a mystic, and, in the best sense, a woman of the world. In short, she was a Protestant Mrs. Craven. Her letters include many to and from that remarkable writer, Miss Julia Wedgwood, and throw a pleasant light on some of the most interesting figures of the last generation. They begin with Carlyle's friend, Erskine of Linlathen, and render him more credibly than anything else I have read.

Altogether, the season has not been at all disappointing in the way of good books. Some of our best writers have stumbled. particular, Mr. Marion Crawford falls far short of his mark in "Cecilia." He attempts to handle the supernatural, and the book is to be classed with "The Witch of Prague." It is even more wearisome. I am glad to say that the demand for books has been fairly good. No new writer of great force appears to have come on the stage.

Two of our oldestablished periodicals, Good Words and the Sunday Magazine, are

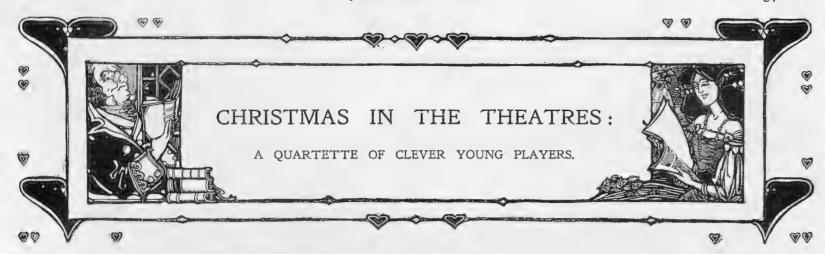
to have Canadian editions next year. The fiction of Good Words will be provided by Mr. Crockett and Sir Gilbert Parker. Mr. Crockett has taken up the now popular plan of writing a series of stories with a connecting link, in the manner of "Sherlock Holmes." The title is to be "The Adventurer in Spain."

Kingsgate Street, Holborn, is now closed to traffic and the old buildings are being demolished. It was in Kingsgate Street that Mrs. Gamp lived, and there she received a historic visit from Mr. Pecksniff. Mrs. Gamp lodged at a bird-fancier's next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cats'-meat warehouse. There was a cats'-meat warehouse in the street till recently, though neither the bird-fancier's nor the mutton-pie establishment could be found.

O. O.

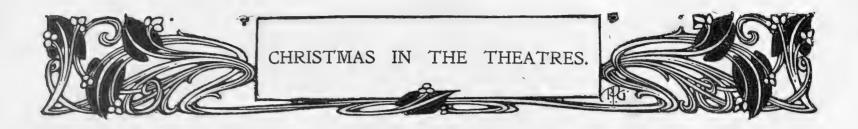


"TELL US WHEN TO LAUGH." Drawn by G. L. Stampa.





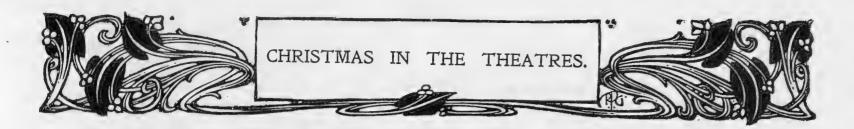
MISS ZENA DARE, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.





MISS PHYLLIS DARE, SESAME AT THE CORONET THEATRE.

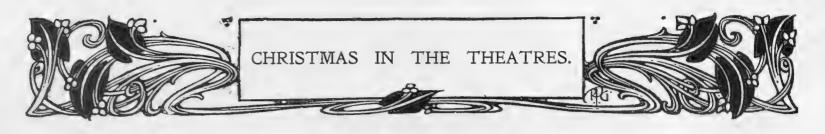
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.





MISS HILDA ANTHONY, APPEARING IN "QUALITY STREET," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.





MISS NELLIE BOWMAN, WHO PLAYS TOM IN "WATER-BABIES" AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

# TWO NEW NOVELS.

"REFLECTIONS OF AMBROSINE." By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth, 6s.)

In "The Visits of Elizabeth" it would seem that Mrs. Glyn was acting on a maxim that she must have coined for the occasion, that one touch of vulgarity makes the whole world

kin. At any rate, it is somewhat gratifying to note that, in spite of the success that book enjoyed with the less refined, she has considerably modified her style in "Reflections of Ambrosine," and shows a distinct attempt at the writing of a story rather than the mere providing of a slender mise-en-scène for a series of risque speeches. It is always to be expected, however, that there will be a certain amount of suggestion in Mrs. Glyn's books, and, no doubt, the smart set at whose expense she amuses herself will read her none the less eagerly. The main idea in itself is a repulsive one—the marriage of a girl of nineteen to a man she loathes, and yet, in spite of her ultra-refined upbringing, we are to conclude that this marriage is not degrading to the descendant of Ambrosine Eustasie, Marquise de not degrading to the descendant of Ambrosine Eustasie, Marquise de Calincourt, who preferred to be guillotined rather than grant a kiss to Robespierre. Still, there is much in these "Reflections" to show that the author—when she chooses—can concern herself with the dainty and graceful in life, and she betrays quite an *esprit tendre* in her description of the old Marquis de Rochemont and Ambrosine's grandmother and their "religion du beau." This grandmother is distinctly the central figure of the book, for even after her death her well-remembered maxims form the religion of "the poor little white Comtesse," as she is nicknamed. Yet, judging from the grandmother's views on the "coup de foudre," for thus she terms an overwhelming passion, she would not have been so rigid as her granddaughter, who remains faithful to her disgraceful husband amid a set daughter, who remains faithful to her disgraceful husband amid a set by whom such faithfulness is deemed impossibly bourgeois, and even after her knight-errant, in the shape of Sir Antony Thornhirst, has appeared on the scene. Of course, if one has chosen to invent an utter scoundrel such as Augustus Gurrage (depicted as a coward, a drunkard, and a coarse, faithless, and ill-tempered husband), and has wedded him to a faithful wife, there is nothing left but to write "exit" ere the tale is through, and render happy one's long-suffering heroine, setting in the path, however, one or two minor obstacles before complete bliss is achieved. This, at any rate, is the method adopted. Perhaps the words of "Babykins" form the best comment on the antics of the

various characters: "We have always eaten and drunk too rich food and wine in our class, and have not had enough to do, so we can't help being as we are." It remains with the reader to judge whether a book of over three hundred pages dealing entirely with the doings of such empty-headed people is worth the perusal.

"THE LAST BUCCANEER," By L. Cope Cornford.

It will probably be said, and said with some truth, that Mr. Cope Cornford's characters are

drawn from the common puppet-box of writers of fiction. Stock puppets they may be, but they are puppets handled so deftly that the strings which give them movement are seldom visible, the hand of the manipulator usually forgotten; there is a lack of woodenness and jerkiness as pleasing as it is rare in stories of the type in which they figure. Privateering, younger and less audacious brother of piracy, is a daring subject for a modern romancist to deal with, unless he is writing for the entertainment of boys, but it must be said that Mr. Cornford has treated it with considerable skill and admirable restraint. Brandon Pomfrett, Henry Winter, John Gamaliel, the unscrupulous Jewish crimp, Jevon Murch, even Captain Dawkins, we have met before in various disguises and in various countries. and in various countries—now with dark hair, now with fair; in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia—but they are none the less welcome, inasmuch as they provide material for an excellent story of adventure. Morgan Leroux, the woman who masquerades as a man, and emulates, in milder degree, the lady of whom the old ballad relates-

With her pistols loaded, she went on board; By her side hung a glittering sword; In her belt, two daggers; well arm'd for war, Was the female smuggler who never fear'd scar,

is equally familiar. Altogether, the story has all the ingredients for an "Ingoldsby Legend" or a "Bab Ballad"—a message in a bottle, hidden treasure, mutiny, marooning, and piracy. It ends unconventionally—the moralist would perhaps say, unmorally—with the buccaneer-in-chief comfortably settled in a cottage by the sea, with a "sky-pilot" as his attendant; the privateering heroes as country gentleman and student; and the heroine happily married; though Murch, possibly with the laudable intention of balancing matters, is made to meet his death in a quicksand.





CHRISTMAS MORNING IN HOLLAND,

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE,

### CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDÝ



1.-SHYLOCK.

"THE VILLAINY YOU TEACH ME I WILL EXECUTE; AND IT SHALL GO HARD WITH ME BUT I WILL BETTER THE INSTRUCTION."

#### NOVEL NUTSHELL. IN

#### "LICENSED MESSENGER

By ALBERT KINROSS.

Illustrated by Tom Browne.

OXING DAY, and, therefore, the Christmas Pantomime, had fallen on a Saturday, so Roland Rawlinson had had a whole twenty-four hours to prepare his notice for the Daily Post. He had driven home in the snow, congratulating himself and congratulating his paper. Instead of rushing hot-headed to Fleet Street, he could wait for the broad reaches of to-morrow. He would have time to do himself justice with all that interval, and on Monday morning the Daily Post would display his column with pride and satisfaction. Few critics served their paper as he did, he reflected, as he closed the final sheet. Instead of lying

in bed, as was his right of a Sunday morning, instead of lunching out, as was his invariable practice, and instead of drinking tea in some choice drawing - room that Sunday, he had devoted the day to duty. He would take his notice up to the office himself, and then—he looked at his watch. It had grown late. It was nearly seven, and he had accepted an invitation to supper for half-past, and Porchester Place was quite a step from Bloomsbury even if you took the "Tube." He was undecided. By way of mitigating his perplexity, he changed his coat and attended to his hair. But even that brought him no further. When he stood on the doorstep and watched the snow go by, he was still wondering how he should get his notice up to Fleet Street and himself to Porchester Place within the half-hour. Come what might, he would get it up by one o'clock; and as for Madge Craven, he had done her justice. She was sweet as the Princess. Perhaps, when she read his notice, she would want to meet him. He was sure she would: "Tall and fair as the lily," he quoted, "graceful as the eglantine." He did not

quite know what the eglantine was; but the sound of it was exquisite, and he had often heard it used in some such sense.

As he quoted, the wind came by and took him in the teeth. It was bitter cold. The snow filled his eyes and began to settle on his overcoat. Fleet Street or Porchester Place? He was not quite sure till a cab drove by. He hailed it, and the man pulled up the window. "Porchester Place," he directed. Surely he could not keep Mrs. Fenwick and the Fenwick girls waiting. He was rather sweet on Mabel; but there were two, and when the light got caught in Olive's hair—well, it was difficult. They would be sure to have cold turkey. He had lunched on tipped beef and granges and a mince-pic He had lunched on tinned beef and oranges and a mince-pie sent up by his landlady. The turkey rather attracted him, and the Fenwick girls and Mrs. Fenwick were charming. He pictured the cosy drawing-room, with the Turner, and a big fire in the hearth, and himself holding forth in the best chair. He could be uncommonly witty at times, even brilliant. He was glad when the

cab drew up at the house; but, for all that, he had not delivered his notice of the Pantomime.

It was still in his pocket. His mind was weighted with it. When he rang the bell, it accused him. If he could get rid of it, Mrs. Fenwick's supper would be perfect. He thought of Madge Craven, the Princess Peerless in white, and stared at the girl who opened the door to him. Was there a post-office in the neighbourhood where he could get a special messenger? he asked. There was one in Queen's Road, but that was shut on Sundays. The one in London Road was open.

It was not far off; just round the corner nearly; you turned to the right and took the second on the left. It was about ten minutes' walk, the maid admitted, when the cab was gone. Well, he would do it. There was no good in putting it off. "Graceful as the eglantine," he repeated, fondly, and told the maid to tell Mrs. Fenwick to go in to supper; he would be back in a minute. He thought it would be longer, but, curiously enough, he

kept his word.

Fate, he declared, was kind to him. This observation occurred over the soup. He had expected an uncomfortable trudge to the postoffice, and, lo and behold, he had stumbled straightway into a man with a badge on his arm. "Licensed Mes-senger 24," said the

badge.
"Alexander!" cried Mrs. Fenwick and the two Fenwick girls in chorus. "Alexander!"

they laughed.
"It was outside
the public - house at corner," from the Roland.

"Yes! Had he a lame leg?"
"I didn't notice; but he had a badge on

his arm, 'No. 24.'"

"Had he a red face and a beard—a

SLOPP'S ALES 9 NO BOTTLES 3.

He had stumbled straightway into a man with a badge on his arm. "Licensed Messenger 24," said the badge,

frightened beard that looked as though it might be whipped off at any moment?'

But Roland had only seen the badge.

But Roland had only seen the badge.

Alexander and his badge had sprung out of the night like a messenger licensed by heaven. The public-house lights had discovered this miracle. Roland Rawlinson had blessed him and committed the badge to memory. It was his one precaution. Hastily he had inquired of Alexander whether he would take the envelope up to Fleet Street: "It must get there before twelve; it is for a paper, the Daily Post."

Alexander had touched his hat. It would get there before nine; he would take the "Tube" to Chancery Lane; there was a penny 'bus to Elect Street: he could do it in twenty minutes. He could walk it by

to Elect Street; he could do it in twenty minutes. He could walk it by nine—he was a great walker, although his leg was a bit stiff; or he could take the Metropolitan from Queen's Road and go straight to Farringdon Street; he would cut across Shoe Lane. . . . He

was voluble and explicit in one breath, was Alexander; by his own showing, a Mercury of infinite resource.

"How much?" asked Rawlinson, handing over the documents.

"A shilling and the fare."

" Here are two."

Alexander bowed down to the snow.

"You've got to get there before twelve, dead or alive; drunk or sober. It's for the Daily Post." This in parting. Rawlinson, true to the canons of the drama he

criticised, was always impressive

on such occasions.

Alexander had taken the precious envelope to his inmost pocket, had buttoned his jacket and overcoat with maternal care.

Roland waited for him to start. He watched him put his head in at the public-house door. A woman and a baby answered this summons and heard the exultant news. They received commands. The woman and the baby retired once more, snug for the evening; and then Alexander, Licensed Messenger No. 24, disappeared in the direction of the "Tube." All this had occupied but a few moments, and Rawlinson had seen his commissioner depart before he joined the Fenwicks

in Porchester Place.
"Is he safe?" he had asked, at the turkey.

Alexander was acquitted without a stain on his character. He had

Alexander was acquitted without a stain on his character. He had run Mrs. Fenwick's messages for years, and the wife and baby were his own. He was imprudently prolific, but he had none of the colder vices. That was all that could be urged against him.

Meanwhile, Alexander, having decided to court no fresh enterprise after the astounding coup that had befallen so unexpectedly a moment ago, had removed his badge. He had straightway removed his badge. He had never been proud of it, and, desiring no further custom for the nonce, he had retired swiftly into private life. Without his badge he was a free citizen more who chose his own direction and his badge he was a free citizen—one who chose his own direction and independent as the best. With it he stood revealed—a convenience for menial errands, a public pack-ass. It was a badge of servitude. It proclaimed his inferior station to the world. It set him at a disadvantage against his fellows. It gave small boys their opportunity and potmen the figure of his credit. He unstrapped this sign-board and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat. Then he put his hand into his trousers to see whether the two-shilling piece was still there. It was. He thought without regret of the coppers he had handed over to his wife and baby. A moment before and they had stood for his whole capital. Now he had lightly dismissed them, and still commanded a two-shilling piece. The whiteness and the size of it impressed him. He held it up to the light and made sure it was not a half-crown. Next he decided on a glass of "rum 'ot."

He had heaps of time. The gentleman had said before twelve, and it was barely eight. He would walk and save the fare. In an hour he would be in Fleet Street, in three-quarters, in half—the "rum ot" had a wonderful gift of bringing things nearer. It was a telescope that grew in power with each new glass. He had a second; and this time he put down his florin on the counter, delighting in the opulence of so portly a coin. The potman rang it, and Alexander watched him with an air of conscious virtue. He felt sorry for the man. By way of rejoinder, he counted his change with a suspicious deliberation. The two-shilling piece had vanished, a short-lived glory. It had sunk behind the bar, as a sun on the horizon, suffusing

him with all the wistful melancholy of evening. Regrets smote him. He thought of his youth. On the door-step he took heart. Even one-and-eightpence was a tidy sum, and, in the pocket, it felt more than the two-shilling piece.

Alexander had decided to walk and make himself a present of the fare. Strongly fortified, he set out, and for half-a-mile good-naturedly pooh-poohed the snow and laughed at the blustering wind. But it required a succession of "twos of rum ot" to maintain this level of



The potman rang it, and Alexander watched him with an air of conscious virtue.

cheerfulness. One-and-eightpence will go a long way if shrewdly expended in hostelries of a not too pretentious order. Doors marked "Glasses Only" and "Lounge" are carefully avoided by the practised economist. Thus carefully manipulated, Alexander's available fund had carried him easily and with but ordinary pre-cautions beyond New Oxford Street into Holborn. Perhaps his success owed something to the North side of the Park, a region whose Squares and Terraces are so respectably set and tavernless that, were it not for their private cellarage, the inhabitants must inevitably perish of drought. But Alexander, having safely traversed this Sahara, had at last reached Holborn—was, indeed, no great distance from his patron's residence, who, as

we know, occupied a furnished lodging in Bloomsbury.

Now, Holborn is a ticklish thoroughfare. On the Sunday night in question it was at its worst. The traffic had churned the snow and mud into a penetrating compound; the wet slush spread ankle-deep on the pavement or lay furrowed on the grimy road. It had invaded Alexander's boots, benumbed his toes, climbed to his knees, was chilling his bones. The "rum 'ots" imbibed at the various stations on Alexander's route would go no further. He eyed the gorgeous public-houses that confronted him with suspicion. Holborn was doubly ticklish. He confronted him with suspicion. Holborn was doubly ticklish. He made cynical remarks about the plate-glass and furniture of these establishments. "They takes it out o' my glass," he said, "an' puts it in their window," which, though somewhat incoherent, may be regarded as not altogether wide of the mark. "Gi' me a plain little pub.," he observed to whosoever might listen, "a plain little pub., where they has tap-room prices an' honest gas, not that there incandescent. Electric light," he added, as an after-thought, "may go out sudden, an' then, as like as not, you upsets yer drink." Appalled by the contemplation of so awful a catastrophe, Alexander straightway resolved to turn out of Holborn and every other thoroughfare lit by so uncertain a turn out of Holborn and every other thoroughfare lit by so uncertain a medium. He departed solemnly into the twilight of Bloomsbury, after noting with the utmost conscientiousness that it was seventeen minutes past ten on a public clock, and that this left him a full hour and forty-three minutes wherein to accomplish his mission. "An' besides, they three minutes wherein to accomplish his mission. "An' besides, they closes at eleven on Sundays," he added, to clinch the argument.

The "plain little pub." of his hopes was shortly visible in the form

of a somewhat musty and low-browed tavern that abutted on a Square. Here the snow lay white and undisturbed. By the tavern-door there was a clearing, but all around, and beyond the thin iron railings, the snow had gathered heavily, drifting thickest in spots where it caught the wind, but mostly an increasing carpet patterned with footprints or the marks of a rare cab.

It was an ideal refuge, this little public-house facing the wastewarm, cosy, unpretending. Alexander was proud of his foresight. Here he speedily recovered his previous good-humour; here, indeed, with such favour did he view the place, he invited the potman to a



Alexander proffered his wealth anew and placed a steadying hand upon the counter,

glass. Backed by inexhaustible wealth, as he was, he could venture on the compliment. His own libations were conceived in a like spirit of easy affluence. The company present made way for him. For once he was conspicuous. At eleven he would have to go. He would enjoy the fleeting hour, and then meet duty and the dismal road. The programme was a happy one and suited to his mood. The potman smiled on him, his neighbours were affable, and before long he discovered he was a gentleman who had dealings with the Not that he pretended to the Editorship of that distinguished organ, but, in some obscure way, his visit was vital to its well-being-nay, more, to its appearance on the morrow. That the potman attached no importance to this claim was later made evident, but only at closing-time did this perfidious wretch express the

full measure of his unbelief.

As we already know, the two had so far harmonised. But at eleven—or five minutes before, to be precise—the potman cried "Time!" and demanded ready-money. Alexander pointed to the clock, declared that twelve-thirty was the legal hour, and that he had no intention of budging a second earlier—"not a second," he repeated. The potman peremptorily retorted, "Go on—it's Sunday!" and claimed the sum of one shilling and twopence. Alexander replied that he would take his custom to another house, and, diving into his pocket, produced a sixpence and four coppers. "Wot's into his pocket, produced a sixpence and four coppers. this?" asked the potman. Alexander proffered his wealth anew and placed a steadying hand upon the counter. The audience drew closer. "Take it," said Alexander. "You wait," said the potman, who thereupon proceeded to settle accounts with the remaining members of the company. All were solvent. "Time!" cried the potman. The company loitered.

The potman ducked and emerged

from behind the bar. The company dispersed. He was alone

with Alexander.

"You comes 'ere, givin' yerself airs," observed the potman,
"treatin' me to drink an' wot not, says you belongs to the Daily Post—sells it on the street, most likely-an' when I arsts for yer money you ain't got none. Look about—per'aps it's in yer other pockit."

Thus admonished, Alexander suddenly began a search. His waistcoat was empty, his trousers, his jacket—he had come to the precious envelope! He buttoned Swiftly he "I mus' be himself up again. consulted the clock. "I mus' be off," he said; "before twelve—dead or alive, drunk or sober," and he made for the door. Outside, the company whispered, waiting on events.

"Fourpence more," said the obdurate potman, blocking the messenger's way.

"'Aven't I given you two shillings?" asked the innocent Alexander, confusing the potman with a succession of potmen, and more especially with potman number one. "Where's my change?"

confusing the potman with a succession of potmen, and more especially with potman number one. "Where's my change?"

This was too much. The potman wiped his fists upon his apron; it was his habit when thoroughly aroused. "Change!" he howled. "Change!" The shout drew in the proprietor from the back-parlour. The potman continued: "'Ere's a bloke'ere wot's come in givin' imself airs an' treatin' everybody, an' all the time 'e 'adn't a brass farden—leastways, only tenpence; an' e says e give me two shillings an' arsts for change. 'E owes me one-an'-tuppence an' ain't got more than this 'ere," and 'the potman flung the money down on the counter and rolled up his sleeves. A joyous murmur came from

than this 'ere," and 'the potman flung the money down on the counter and rolled up his sleeves. A joyous murmur came from without. White faces appeared on the window-pane, "Dead or alive—a plain little pub.—gi' me a plain little pub.," Alexander was heard to whimper. The cold wind bathed his face in the entry. "Gi' me a plain little pub. where they——" The company was ranged in line as he shot by and dropped head foremost in the drifting snow. "Neat," said a voice. "Jim awways frows strite," said another. "'E was talkin'," observed a third. "It's the col' air as settles yer," remarked the one lady who was present. The potman rolled down his sleeves. They heard a drawing of bolts. The potman rolled down his sleeves. They heard a drawing of bolts. The

lights went out till only one remained.

The company separated, and Alexander lay face downward in the snow. "Drunk or sober," he whispered, and fell soundly and delightfully asleep. On the pillow beside him lay an enamelled iron badge. "Licensed Messenger 24," said the badge. It had fallen out of his breast-pocket as he struck earth. And no wonder.

Roland Rawlinson left Porchester Place some time before midnight, early enough to find a "Tube" train running into the City. The snow had ceased when he stepped out into the open. There were stars. The walk from the station to his rooms was barely a matter of ten minutes. He strode along cheerfully, puffing a good cigar. The

Fenwicks had been charming, and the young soldier who had supped with them was a nice lad, not at all obtrusive, and rather respectful. He had told them all about the Pantomime and Roland smiled. repeated several of the jokes. One, indeed, he had passed off as his own. They would laugh when they discovered him. He had spoken warmly of Madge Craven—yet not too warmly. He had tact. Whatever he might be deficient in, and he admitted there was much, he had tact. He understood women. It was one of his gifts. "Tall and fair as the lily," he hummed, as he turned into his Square. The words were half-way to a song. He would write it when he had time, and dedicate it to Madge Craven. He could easily get somebody to do the music. "Tall and fair! What the . . .?" He pulled out his latch-key and hurriedly let himself in. "What the . . ?" There was a light in his room. Who—who on earth would be visiting him at this hour? It was past twelve. He scented a calamity. His landledty hourseld on the string in a wrenner and require heir landlady hovered on the stairs in a wrapper and peculiar hair. "There's a young man, sir, from the paper." . . . Roland saw it all in a flash. His messenger, his licensed messenger, had betrayed him. The wretch; the plausible, thieving rogue; the—the—! He stormed into his sitting-room. The young man handed him a note: "Please send Pantomime copy at once."

He had known it. The young man lingered, hat in hand. "You can go," said Roland. On the table lay the programme and the litter of his notice; a rejected sheet or two eyed him from the floor. He collected this wreckage. Now for a cab. He hurried across the thickly carpeted Square. The lights were out in the public-house at the corner. At the moment he would have given much for a drink. But he was wide-awake as things were. A patch of black on the

white snow arrested him. Some tippler fast asleep where he had fallen! "Chilly," said Roland. And then a sudden idea smote him—a mad, impossible idea; but, perhaps—"the long arm of coincidence," he quoted, and sprang across the road. He dropped on his knees before this fallen image. He took its right arm, then its left, then the right again. There was no badge. With a groan, Roland staggered to his feet again. "Gi' me a plain little pub.," murmured the image, raising heavy eyelids and dropping them, "a plain little pub."
"Pah!" said Roland, and ran on, praying for a cab.

DEC. 24, 1902

Ten minutes later he was at his desk. All the suburban notices were in. His was the last. There was no time for apologies. He just wrote. He wrote like one possessed, stringing set phrase to set phrase, running through the old superlatives, mumbling the threadbare echoes that had done duty last year and the year before and the



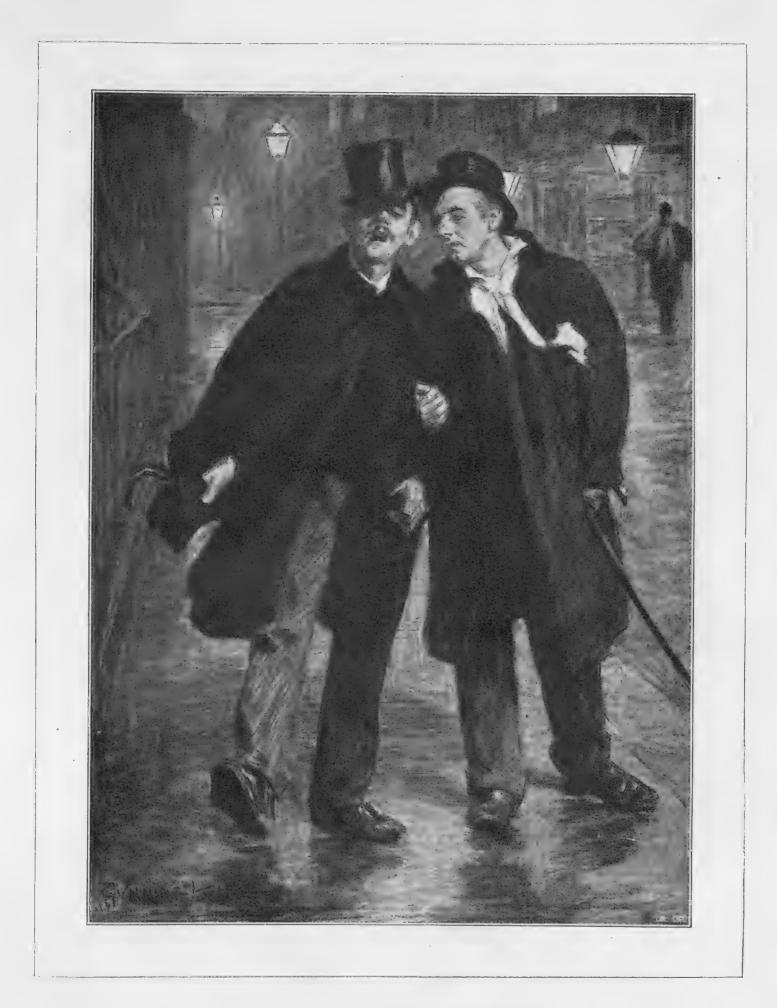
He dropped on his knees before this fallen image.

year before that year. The notes he carried in his pocket he tossed aside. He had no time. The slips went to the printer as he turned them out: He had eight minutes to pay his devoirs to the cast. He rattled down the programme, drumming adjectives: "Miss Craven looked lovely as the Princess Peerless. Her song, 'When we are one, when I am won,' had to be repeated twice over...." He had said it all before; it came to his pen as it had done every Christmastide since his accession; not a word of it that had a ring, that had the stamp of new coinage. He threw the last sheet from him. He did not wait to see his proof—the reader could attend to that. Here was the programme with the names.

Here was the programme with the names.

It was close on two when he pulled on his overcoat and started back to Bloomsbury. "Just my luck!" he repeated, savagely. "Just my luck! A whole Sunday wasted, and all on account of a thieving brute like that! I'll stop his licence! I'll—" The street was empty, empty enough for murder. It would have gone hard with Alexander had he reappeared at that moment. But he was safely out of the way and snoring soundly in a friendly lock-up. The police had of the way and snoring soundly in a friendly lock-up. The police had removed him to quarters less exposed.... "Graceful as the eglantine"—the words had come from nowhere. They mocked Roland Rawlinson. the words had come from nowhere. They mocked Roland Rawlinson. Why had he not put it in? Why had he left out everything except the weary commonplaces that everybody wrote? They had no meaning. Madge Craven would skip them. Sugar never held; it was brains that stood out—the unexpected, the apt. . . He walked on, snapping a curt "No!" at the stray cabmen who accosted him. Chancery Lane and Holbern went by weepen. Dreadily be made for his Sayarra. He reached Holborn went by unseen. Drearily he made for his Square. He reached the small public-house at the corner. The black patch had disappeared. He passed the very spot where he had knelt on his way to Fleet Street. The snow retained a concave outline where the man had lain. Rawlinson looked down and noticed it. A near lamp lit up the scene, casting yellow reflections on something at his feet. He stooped and picked up a badge. It was in enamelled iron, shiny and white, with the inscription in black. "Licensed Messenger 24," said the badge.

Roland Rawlinson's reply need not detain us.



CHRISTMAS REVELLERS: A WARNING,
DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



THE GALLERY PET.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.



TO the long list of threatened new theatres, including the New Gaiety, the Moss and Stoll Colosseum, in Chandos Street, Mr. Saunders's new marble theatre, next-door to the New

Gaiety, and the new theatre on the site of the old Albion, facing Drury Lane, I have now to add a fine one which Mr. Murray Carson tells me he is having built for him by that ubiquitous theatrical architect, Mr. W. G. R. Sprague. Mr. Carson says he feels inclined to call this new theatre the "Playhouse."

Sir Henry Irving, who is back in town, looking well and hearty after his latest arduous but highly successful tour, will, soon after the Christmas festivities, again go "on the road." He will start on Jan. 29, at Northampton, and will then proceed (in the following order) to Portsmouth, Plymouth, Newport, Swansea, Southampton, Boscombe, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Halifax, Oldham, and Bolton. With the exception of Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Southampton, all these towns will be what our American cousins call "three-night stands."

I learn from Mr Tree that, in consequence of the continued success of "The Eternal City" at His Majesty's, he cannot possibly produce Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of Tolstoi's great if gloomy story, "Resurrection," till February at the earliest. Mr. Tree will presently send on tour a second Company with Mr. Caine's Roman drama.

We may, I learn, presently expect two new American plays

We may, I learn, presently expect two new American plays in our midst. One is by the prolific — shall I say, too prolific?—Mr. Clyde Fitch, and is called "The Bird in the Cage." The other is by Miss Ives, and is entitled "Starr's Girl." This has just been successfully tried in the provinces by Miss May Edouin and her husband, Mr. Fred Edwards.

By about the time when this issue of *The Sketch* goes to press there will be semi-privately tested at Worthing a new play written by Mr. Head and entitled "The Man of the Mint." If the piece goes sufficiently well, it will be brought to a London theatre forthwith.

As I indicated some time ago, Mr. Seymour Hicks has resolved to appear as Edmund Kean. He has now decided to make this interesting experiment at the Vaudeville at four matinées, to be given on the 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st of January, in aid of the Distressed Poor of the Strand District. There have, of course, been several plays with the Great Little Edmund for hero—although, alas, in real life there was not much of the "hero" about him. One of these plays was an extraordinary and bombastic thing by Dumas père.

A translation of this curious play—almost as tedious as the original—was given at the long-defunct Holborn Theatre, about a quarter of a century ago, with the late somewhat stilted tragedian, Mr. Thomas

Swinbourne, as the eccentric Edmund. Of late years, Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, a well-known Birmingham literary light, wrote a version of Dumas' "Kean" for Mr. Edward Compton, but it did not prove a very convincing play.

not prove a very convincing play.
Miss Ethel Negretti, of whom a photograph is reproduced on page 365, has been engaged by Mr. Arthur Collins to create the part of Lady Ida, "the second girl" in the Drury Lane pantomime of "Mother Goose," which opens on Boxing night. Although a new-comer at Drury Lane, Miss Negretti has already established a record for herself in the provinces in musical comedy, whilst she is also well known to whilst she is also well known to concert-givers in town. She made her first success in "The Shop Girl" on tour, playing the juvenile lead, after which she appeared at the Fulham Grand Theatre in the pantomime of "Dick Whittington," in which she played the Princess, after which she again went on tour which she again went on tour as juvenile lead in "The Topsy-Turvy" Hotel, in which she scored an enormous success. She also played Miss Louie Pounds' part in "The French Maid" tour, and in 1899 was specially engaged to understudy both Miss Letty Lind and Miss Ethel Sydney in the Garrick

pantomime.

Miss Negretti, it may also be mentioned, was engaged by Mr. Wilson Barrett to sing all the solos in his season at the Lyceum with "The Sign of the Cross," and in this engagement she scored another great success.

Following the Garrick pantomime came a tour with "The Prince of Borneo," and then another pantomime season at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, in which she again played the Princess in "Dick Whittington." For the last two years, Miss Negretti has forsaken the stage for the concert-platform, and one has to admit that the former's loss has been the latter's gain. Her return to the stage will be heartily welcomed by many who have heard her sing. As a vocalist she excels, and she is happy in possessing that rare combination of a natural talent for music and a thorough musical education. She studied for three years at the Guildhall School of Music and under Mr. Edwin Holland, and the concert work she has done during the last two years has improved her voice immensely. It is only a pity that she will not have more scope in the coming production, her musical numbers, so far, being restricted to a duet with Miss Fanny Joyce and one or two quartettes.



MISS ALICE COLEMAN, NOW PLAYING IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



R. FRITZ KREISLER has just, "by special request"—one always is a little inquisitive to know precisely what particular people make these "special requests"—given an extra violin recital at the St. James's Hall under the direction of Mr. N. Vert. It would be absurd not to recognise that sometimes a violin-player (or any artist, to speak by the book) is not in such good form in occasional moments—or shall one say, on occasional afternoons?—as he is in others. And one is bound to own that Mr. Kreisler was not on this occasion quite at his best. As a rule, the delicacy of his tone is so refined, so spiritually appealing, that it is not derogatory to his dignity to say that he was, during the recital in question, less personally attractive than usual. In a certain study on a Chorale by Handel in G Major, he was surprisingly rough in his intonation; on the other hand, in certain compositions by Corelli, he showed himself to be nothing less than masterly. Corelli in interpretation is not nearly so easy as he seems to the meditative amateur; the modern man who attempts to realise him, usually (in the happy phrase) "wears his garb, not his clothes." Mr.

not his clothes." Mr. Kreisler, if the phrase may now be accepted, wore "the clothes" of the elder master, so felicitously named "Arcangelo."

Early in last week, M. Ysaye, Madame Eleanor Cleaver, and Signor Busoni gave a concert at the Queen's Hall, in which Ysaye played in quite his most consummate form. One may not—in point of fact, one does notfeel in the least inclined to sanction Wilhelmj's arrange-ment of the piece commonly known as the "Siegfried Idyll." The fact, however, remains that Ysaye played the thing most beautifully, not only with splendid insight into its formalism, but also with amazing appreciation of its poetical basis, its resthetic significance. In Schumann's "Abendlied" there

"Abendlied" there was, of course, not so much material upon which to work; but, for an essay in absolute sentimentality, Ysaye's achievement would here have been hard to beat by any living artist. He was, in fact, wonderful, and he proved his powers no less in the pieces already mentioned than in César Franck's Sonata in A Major for Pianoforte and Violin. The work has its enthusiastic admirers on the one hand, and, on the other, there are those who incline to find it a trifle dull. Far be it from the present critic to decide which of the two—Ought one, from a more Biblical point of view, to write "Whether of the twain"?—is in the right. The fact, however, cannot be contradicted, as has already been indicated, that Ysaye did both the Sonata and his own quite exceptional powers every possible justice. A word should be added in connection with Signor Busoni's share in the concert.

Busoni is really a wonderful player. His technique is magnificent; his sentiment is true, restrained, fine, rightly emotional, touching, and withal deep, profound. It is true that in his playing of Chopin's famous Sonata in B-flat Minor—every reader will recollect that this composition contains the well-known "Funeral March"—he did not, in the two opening sections, make as much of the long, lingering phrases as he might have done; there was something even a trifle business-like in his attitude towards this portion of the music; but when he came to the final "Presto" he was altogether wonderful. He ran through the quickly speeding bars with the ease which alone can bring out the strange and unearthly value of this music; he made the right emphasis, where emphasis ever seems to avoid the interpreter. In a word, he interpreted a master-piece in a masterly manner.

Paderewski is ever a name to conjure with, and at the Crystal Palace, a few days ago, his audience was as enthusiastic as it has been now ever since "Kitchener and Khartoum"—one feels the necessity of thus changing the old phrase, "Ever since Nelson and the Nile." His concert consisted of many extracts from his own compositions, among these being his opera, "Manru," which was very largely drawn upon for the delectation of his Sydenham audience. "Common Chord" has not yet had an opportunity of hearing "Manru," which appears to have achieved quite an amazing success wherever it has been produced; but this much is certain—that Paderewski has not hesitated for one moment in flying to Wagner for his sources of inspiration. (Incidentally, one may ask, what on earth would modern music be like if Wagner had never appeared on the scene?) A scene from the second Act of the opera was given, among other things, and, sung quite well, if not very enthusiastically, by Fräulein Krull and Mr. John Coates, transported one, as the gentleman with the flying carpet in the "Arabian Nights" was transported, right into the heart of "Siegfried."

As a matter of fact, this can only be the fringe of a definite opinion. It is true that the selections given were reminiscent, that the orchestration did not appear to be "quick with originality," that, on the whole, these examples were disappointing; the opera, however, as a whole, must be judged from quite a different standpoint, and such a judgment must wait for the opportunities of time.

On the other hand, apart from this operatic selection, it must be sorrowfully confessed that Paderewski did not on this occasion play quite so brilliantly, with so complete a fascination, or with an influence so delicately certain, as he has played in days agone. His touch, for one reason or another, seems to have hardened. It appeared, at times, it. His octave-playing is



MISS JOSIE DE WITT, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN VIOLINIST.

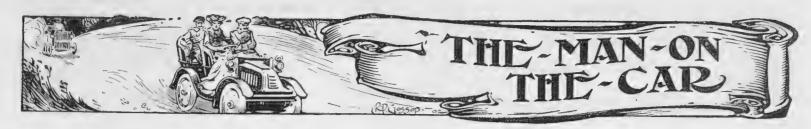
Photograph by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.

as though some unknown law prevented his flight. His octave-playing is still extraordinary, but there is a tendency on his part to exaggeration.

Here is a pretty little parable. Once upon a time there was a hugeous Elephant who said to many other Elephants that were able to trumpet, "Come to me and I will make you hugeous also; but you must give me a bit of your right tusk." And One Lady Elephant went and said, "Make me hugeous and I will give you one quarter of a tusk a year." "But," said the hugeous Elephant, "if you learn to trumpet from any other Elephant, you must give me half a tusk." Now the hugeous Elephant thought that the Lady Elephant had tried to learn to trumpet outside his boundary and he clamoured for half a tusk. But the Elephant-that-Settles-All-Things decided otherwise. And all these things may be discovered hidden deeply in a recent lawsuit between a well-known Concert-Singer and an Agent. And it is nothing more than a Just-So Story.

### AN AMERICAN VIOLINIST.

Miss Josie de Witt is a very talented and versatile young American lady now visiting London. Though so youthful, she has had a fairly long professional career, for within the last few years she has fulfilled important engagements with Koster and Bial and Hammerstein's, besides for some time acting in comedy. Then she migrated to the Old World, and has lately gained a reputation in the German Variety Theatres as a violinist and vocalist, her last engagement before leaving for this country being a season at the Berlin Winter Gardens.



The "A.C.G.B.I." Premises—A New Thousand Miles' Trial—Mimicking the Mercédès—A Bad Bill.

A T last the conveniently placed Club premises of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, at 119, Piccadilly, have emerged from the hands of the furnishers and decorators fit for members' use, and the 2180 members, provided they do not all visit their headquarters at one and the same time, will find every accommodation that a first-class Club can offer, with the certainty of being in an atmosphere of petrol and hydrogen. For the Aëro as well as the Automobile Club members foregather there, and the talk turns on the higher flights of dirigible balloons as well as on the rapid flight of the latest types of motor-cars. Presently, after spending a little more time and a lot more money, the Club will have an extensive motor-mews in the rear and will be unique in the enjoyment of this advantage. Numerically, the Club is now the first in the world and is growing at the rate of fifty per meeting of the Election Committee, and its position as a sporting institution is of international importance, as it is to the "A.C.G.B.I." that the challenges of France and of Germany and of America have been sent to "lift" the Gordon Bennett Cup, now proudly held by England through the success of Mr. S. F. Edge on his Napier car.

The Club is not solely racy. In fact, it is less concerned with competitive speed work than reliability in the trials which it promotes

in this country, and already it has decided on a thousand miles' trial, to take place during next September on substantially the same lines as the six hundred and fifty miles' trials of last autumn. There will be daily runs from and to the Crystal Palace, as before, but the principal alteration of the scheme consists making no time allowance on the running of the cars for any work of any sort whatever done upon them. Each night, on arrival, the cars will be secluded from the presence of the owners, makers, drivers, or the public, and will be sentinelled by Club stewards. Each morning the word will be given to start by an official observer, and time spent on

washing, adjustment, replenishment, repairs, and so forth, will be debited against the car at the rate of one mark per minute, whether the time is spent before starting, or on the wayside, or at any of the halting-places. By this means an accurate record will be obtained of all the attention necessary for a car on a run of a thousand miles, instead of the result being a record of wayside incidents only, without regard to the nightly attention of skilled attendants.

One feature of the 1903 car-trials will be the elimination of the motor-bicycle. It is from all points of view preferable that motor-cycles should engage in a separate form of test devised exclusively for them. The Automobile Club may possibly organise such a competition; but there seems room, while there is a fashion in motor-cycles, for the formation of a Motor-Cyclists' Union, to look after this branch of motoring exclusively. Such a body would not clash with the Automobile Club, but it would be more in touch with the motor-cycling movement than a Sub-Committee of the Automobile Club could be. The motor-cyclist is, on the average, a fifty-pound man, the motor-carist usually spends five hundred pounds on his car, and the motor-cyclists are quite numerous enough to organise themselves efficiently.

It was really amusing to notice, in the course of a stroll round the stands in the Grand Palais, the mimicry of the Mercédès-Simplex indulged in by ninety per cent. of the French manufacturers. It is a

striking sign of weakness that the French industry should be demoralised from all originality in a mad rush after a successful German type of car. The boasted lead of France is being shattered by Germany, and so eager is the average French copyist to make his car like the German that in some cases he has made it look like it outside, and been satisfied that the shape of the bonnet will hoax people into believing that the limitation has been consistently carried on within as well. The joke grows on one when it is realised that the French makers are copying the 1902 Mercédès, but the 1903 Mercédès will itself contain many new departures from last year's practice. Meanwhile, it is useful to note that the English trade has not gone mad over magneto ignition, mechanically operated induction-valves, and radiators that hold hardly more than a teaspoonful of water.

That somewhat indigestible Bill introduced a while ago by the Hon. John Scott Montagu is being rendered a little more palatable by the addition of clauses to safeguard drivers from harsh interpretation of the word "furious." As everyone knows, or, at least, as every motorist knows to his cost, the present law forbids a speed exceeding twelve miles an hour. Mr. Montagu's Bill proposes the abolition of all limits and throws to the public the sop of submitting to a method of identification. If the bargain be struck, the automobilist will cease to be

fined for speed as such, and will, if rash and reckless, come under the Highway Act of 1835, which talks about furious driving, but wisely leaves the mileage per hour to the imagination. But as the magisterial hostility, which fines men £10 for exceeding twelve miles an hour, might still find a vent by imagining thirteen miles an hour to be furious, it is felt desirable to add a clause to the Bill that fury is not arithmetical, or words to that effect.

This Bill, however, assumes the principle that identification is right and proper. That is a large assumption. A car blazoning forth its identity will be the butt of the antimotorists. Cases of mistaken identity will



A NEW MOTOR-CAR BUILT FOR THE SHAH.

Photograph by Beau.

multiply. An owner will be chargeable when his mechanic is airing the car. He may even be troubled with false accusations after parting with a numbered car. But fundamentally the idea is wrong, unless it be applied to all vehicles on the road alike. Unless and until it is proved that there are more blackguards among motorists than among horse-drivers, the identification of one and the non-identification of the other is absolutely without justification.

# THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S NEW MOTOR-CAR.

During his last stay in France the Shah of Persia had a splendid opportunity of studying the motor-car and experiencing its delights, with the result that he immediately ordered a steam automobile of fifty horse-power. This has just been forwarded to Teheran and is of the landau type. It is painted yellow, has bright copper lamps, and bears the Imperial Arms. Although the Shah, as is well known, is very averse to speed in travelling, his new toy can cover about eighty miles an hour; but the Shah may find this speed useful when the automobile is put (as it is intended to be) to the ignoble use of towing one or two victorias containing members of his suite. Frightened, doubtless, by the terrible tales of lives sacrificed to the new monster, the Shah has ordered a locomotive-whistle for use on his car. The seats inside are so arranged that the Shah can lie down if he so desires. The cost of the motor-car is £1600.



National Hunt Meetings-Betting-A Double.

AM delighted to see that Lord Marcus Beresford is taking an interest in the doings of the National Hunt Committee, as his lordship is a real live ruler, and his knowledge is extensive under both sets of rules. I should like to see steeplechasing hum, but I do not think the sport will be served by insisting on the increase of the stakes. Take the case of the Wye Meeting. It is one of the most popular little jumping fixtures in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. Up to now it has served its purpose well. If, however, my old friend Kennet were to be called upon to give six races per day, each of the value of a hundred sovs., the Wye Meeting would be no more. Again, take the case of the Plumpton Meeting, an enclosure devoted entirely to racing under National Hunt Rules. I do not think the enclosure would be able to bear the strain of the £100 limit. The difficulty might be easily got over by passing a law re the £100 prizes to apply only to those enclosures that hold meetings both under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules. Meetings of the standing of Sandown, Kempton Park, Lingfield, Gatwick, Hurst Park, and Windsor could easily afford to give £100 prizes in each race, but some of the Midland and Northern fixtures could hardly bear the strain.

The real drawback to the winter pastime is the betting question. It is impossible to back a horse to win, say, two hundred pounds over the sticks. The starting-price men, or the majority of them, decline to take more than five pounds about a horse, and the Continental List men put by a certain sum at the end of the flat-race season to lose over the sticks, just to keep their connection together. There must be a reason for this state of affairs, and it is not far to seek; but the National Hunt Committee do not deal with betting matters. Now, one thing is evident. The starting-price men would not decline business if it were profitable, so we must, I think, assume that the betting merchants decline to stand up to be shot at. It is an indisputable fact that certain professionals are able to back winners more easily at the winter game than they can under Jockey Club Rules. Of course, the reason may be that only one or two horses in

a race are really fit, while the owners of the other animals engaged are trying to get weight off. It is a fact that several very poor platers are run throughout the winter without raising a single winning flag. Who pays the owners' expenses? Are the leather-flappers run for the purpose of making a market, or are they used to make the running for well-backed and better animals? The whole thing is a puzzle that would require a deal of solving.

I am told that the Handicappers cannot weight Ambush II. out of the Grand National. What I mean is, that they would not attempt to give the King's horse an unfair burden, and, if weighted on his merits, he is bound to win at Liverpool. Ambush II. is the smartest steeple-chaser that has been trained in Ireland for many a long day. He jumps well, stays for ever, and is fast on the flat. Shannon Lass is much improved, and Manifesto will have to be reckoned with, but I do not think either would have any chance against the King's horse, bar accidents. It is whispered that the King will pay a visit to the Earl of Derby for the purpose of being present at the Grand National. If this turns out to be right, there should be a record attendance at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, where the Knowsley "State" procession is equalled only by those at Ascot and Goodwood. But to the double. I have already told of the improvement made by Mead, the King's crack three-year-old colt, which is trained by R. Marsh at Newmarket. True, Rabelais, in the same stable, is fancied by many as being the better of the two, but my information does not synchronise with this view. I am told that Mead is capable of the most improvement. He is very likely to develop into a stayer, while history may prove that sprinting is the forte of both Rock Sand and Flotsam. Big things were expected of Greatorex, but the Kingsclere colt proved a sad disappointment in his two-year-old races; but, being by Carbine—Mrs. Butterwick, he is bred to stay, and also to improve with age. I shall thus early venture to suggest that His Majesty the King is very likely to win the Grand National with Ambush II. and the Derby with Mead. If this comes off, 1903 will be the best racing year of the century. year of the century. CAPTAIN COE.



SWANS AND CYGNETS: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

# OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HE temper of this present generation, which is not given to hiding its light under a bushel, is never more in evidence than at Christmas-time of to-day. Instead of the hearty spirit of hospitality that once reigned throughout the land, and gathered wanderers and waifs under wide-spreading roof-trees, around high



A NOVEL CLOAK.

blazing hearths, the sole idea as at present obtaining is to leave home to the domestics, relegate revelry to the servants' hall, and fly the occasion of family parties by taking rooms at a smart seaside hotel.

Dear old grandmotherly traditions have no hearing amongst us now, except in Christmas Annuals. Mistletoe and holly-berries have lost except in Christmas Annuals. Alistletoe and holly-berries have lost their magic, or retain it only in the nursery. Sir Roger de Coverley, genial gentleman that he was, jigs his cheerful measure but rarely, and the artificial veneer of a selfish and surfeited era votes as vanity the simple and kindlier pleasures of a past generation. With luxuiy comes decadence, not a doubt of it. The Law Courts and daily papers furnish us with abundant proofs on that score.

It will be a bad day for us moderns when the greatest objectlesson of all time which each recurring Christmas brings before us fails to instil its teachings of charity, peace, and goodwill. Some sacrifice of self, some generous thought and act for suffering others, or, mayhap, some forgiveness of long-resented injury, should surely move each one of us on this great day to gentler word

Following the holidays, which are unusually long this year, much to the exhilaration of many thousands of workers, come the great Saturnalia of the Sales, which open with a view-halloo on the First of the New Year, and provide swarms of women-folk with expensive thrills and unnecessary bargains all through the month. Remnants, reductions, and other catch-words of the astute and tactful tradesman open vistas of domestic economical pleasure to these eager Eves which must make the Knights of the Yard-stick unreservedly rejoice, for, however cynical or sceptical or wise or cautious any particular

daughter of Eve may be, look you, she is not-she never can be-clad in armour against the welcome advances of a Bargain. I know at this present moment a woman of many parts who has thirteen cloaks picked up at thirteen sales. They are all démodé, they were all "desperate" bargains, and their collective cost would have bought her a garment of sables, while there is not one in which she can decently appear after mid-day.
Still, all this has another side. Sales are, beyond doubt, excessively

useful when we actually require certain things. But the difficulty is to sternly adhere to our necessities and decline the cheapened blandishments of those white elephants which "will come in for something,"

and never do.

Far be it from me, however, to write a jeremiad on the opportunities of January and July. Dozens of women with limited incomes manage a very brave appearance therefrom which would therefore the set of all appearance with their reports of the second of th otherwise be out of all consonance with their annual allowance. It is not the sales that lack merit, but the dear women who lose judgment amongst those bewilderments in chiffons that lie around.

Take Peter Robinson's forthcoming sale, for example, which opens on Dec. 31, a week from to-day. All the stock in their various departments is strictly up-to-date, and, because of an exceptionally mild winter season, will be sold off at prices which must certainly effect a clearance. Here is the opportunity of the "good manager" to secure a dress, a set of furs, a smart winter-hat, at a fourth of their respective values; to replenish her store of blouses, to add here and there daintinesses to her linen-closet, at an easily proved reduction in values; while even to the department of boys' and girls' wardrobes does the cheapening process extend, so that harassed mothers of destructive schoolboys and the like can rehabilitate those imps of mischief from top to toe at greatly reduced expenditure while the sale lasts. It should be borne in mind that to the Regent Street as well as the Oxford Street premises this equally applies, and the firm goes so far as to supply new mourning at sale prices during the month of January, than which surely complaisance and



THE NEWEST IDEA IN OPERA-CLOAKS.

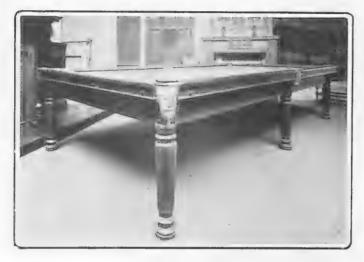
cream-coloured laces. This latest development of the shoe glorified ought to have an immense vogue. Nothing more charming is possible with which to complete a ball- or dinner-gown.

The philosophy of cheese has always asserted itself at Christmas, The philosophy of cheese has always asserted itself at Christmas, when great Stiltons, succulent with port, were considered an inevitable equivalent of the "bumper" bean-feasts that classically prevailed at the well-set-forth table. But while in no way derogating the solid worth of such time-honoured luxuries, the delicate appetite that requires a certain titillation nowadays will find satisfaction in the "Little Wilts Cheese," that goes so agreeably after lunch with biscuits and butter. The price is low, and the flavour, I am well assured, most agreeable. Can more be asked of any merely mundane cheese?

# ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ELFRIDA.—There are such dozens of new conceits in the choice of a fancy-dress constantly introduced that you should find it easy to be original. Taking the costumiers all round, you cannot do better than Messrs. J. Simmonds and Son, of the Haymarket.

This illustration is taken from a photograph of a billiard-table which, until a few months ago, was in regular use in a country inn in



A BILLIARD-TABLE IN USE SINCE 1813.

Bedfordshire. It bears a plate with the following inscription: "Gillows No. 934. A.D. 1813," and the result of nearly ninety years' usage (part of which, at all events, has not been over-gentle) has been to leave it in as sound a condition as when it first left the workshop. The bed is still beautifully level and made of mahogany, while the The bed is still beautifully level and made of management, construction of the table is most interesting, as it is built up of the table is most interesting, as it is built up of the table in every direction. This mahogany, tongued and tenoned and glued in every direction. bed is secured to joists by a large number of screws, which can be adjusted for the purpose of keeping it as level as possible and prevent it from warping. The cushions are built up with several thicknesses of material resembling felt, in long, narrow strips. It is interesting to note that the billiard-table, in its original form, was the invention of Messrs. Gillow, who for many years enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture. The record of the table in question can be traced through their Lancaster books, from which it may be seen that the table originally cost the sum of £84, and was then sent to London for sale.

It is astonishing what a number of things the motorist requires before he or she can be considered thoroughly equipped for all eventualities. "Dunhill's Motorities," however, contains a complete illustrated list of all necessaries, from magnificent fur coats and Russian blouses down to the humble spoke-brush, and is so arranged that, by means of a neat silk cord, any addenda can be easily attached.

The illustration here reproduced shows the magnificent Sterling silver centrepiece which has been modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for the Officers' Mess of the 6th Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The centrepiece, which is intended as a memento of the South African War, shows a typical blockhouse flanked by figures of privates in home and active service dress.

It has been arranged that the Second Annual Boating Exhibition at Earl's Court will be open from Feb. 28 March 14. Encouraged by the great success of the last one, which was held in the spring, the Thames Boating Trades Association are now making preparations for an exhaustive show of all kinds of electric and petrol motor launches, yachts, boats, and punts, the lakes in the Exhibition grounds being used to display the qualities of these exhibits. The band of the Grenadier Guards will play twice daily. The Secretary is Mr. John Cayley, 39, Romola Road, London, S.E.

# NOTES FROM BERLIN.

ESPITE the absence of plum-pudding, holly, and mistletoe, Christmas in Germany is, if possible, a more festive season than in England (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The h*). It is the Christmas-tree that lends its peculiar halo to the occasion in Germany. The Emperor shares with the poorest in the land the delight of watching the candles burn on the branches of a little fir-tree on Christmas Eve. As usual, his tree, with those of all the other members of the Imperial Family, has been cut from the Imperial forest at Rominten, and conveyed to the Neues Palais at Potsdam. Last year, Prince Adalbert, the Sailor Prince, was on the high seas at Christmas; but there will this year be a full muster of the Imperial Family when the trees, laden with costly presents, are illuminated in the fairy Hall of Shells at Potsdam. As I write, the streets of Berlin resemble a forest of fir-trees. I wonder how many miles of them have been removed from the country to the German Capital within the last week. They will all have disappeared in a few days, for it is well known that he who buys his Christmas-tree late in Germany buys badly; accordingly, the fine specimens are snapped up as soon as they are exhibited, and stored on the balcony of the possessor until the approach of Christmas, when it is elaborately decorated. The lighting of the candles suspended from its branches on "Heiligenabend" is an almost religious ceremony. It may be imagined that the number of presents disposed about these trees is innumerable; present-giving at this season is, indeed, universal. Usually, the police permit the opening of all shops on the three Sundays preceding Christmas Day, and the three days thus devoted to Usually, the police permit the opening of all shops on the three Sundays preceding Christmas Day, and the three days thus devoted to buying and selling are known respectively as Copper, Silver, and Golden Sunday, from the value of their proceeds. This year, Copper Sunday has been abolished. Traffic, accordingly, has increased incredibly on the two remaining Sabbaths. It was scarcely possible last Sunday to make one's way through the streets. Large forces of police and averaged to be an entire the discrete street of the provider of the sunday of the street of the sunday police endeavoured to keep the crowds in circulation in the Leipziger, Potsdamer, and Friedrich Streets, and at intervals the doors of the larger warehouses had to be closed, in order to prevent the suffocation of the purchasers.

Skating has held out magnificently. On the great Müggelsee, skating has held out magnificently. On the great Muggelsee, which is about four miles square, sailing on sleigh-boats has proceeded as merrily as on the Baltic. From Wannsee to Potsdam, a clear run between wood-bordered lakes of four miles, thousands have scurried since King Frost established his reign in the middle of November. In front of their Palace at Babelsberg, Prince and Princess Friedrich Leopold have been seen almost daily skating with their children. On one occasion, they also made the excursion to Wannsee. The Crown Prince of Germany, accompanied by two officers, was present on Saturday among the crowds disporting on the Potsdam Lakes. He is

an excellent skater.

The famous house of Messrs. Moët and Chandon, of Epernay, was founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Their champagne is the produce of their own vineyards of 2500 acres of the finest growths. Messrs. Moët and Chandon are now shipping the 1898 vintage "Dry Imperial." It can be purchased from their agents throughout the United Kingdom throughout the United Kingdom.



A MESS CENTREPIECE.

# CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

# THE STOCK EXCHANGE BOYS' HOME.

F Wingfield House, the Home for Boys which is practically supported by the Stock Exchange and the lads themselves, readers of The Sketch have several times heard. The recently issued report speaks of steady growth, although a reading between the lines seems to show that the House, as a whole, might afford more general financial support to the excellent institution. There are hundreds of members who do not contribute, besides hundreds who do. Athletics occupy an important part in the conduct of the Home, and our picture this week represents a gymnastic tableau of some of the boys who enjoy the benefits offered by the Home.

# HOME RAILWAY CONSIDERATIONS.

How far a burst of boom can be called answerable for an indefinite period of subsequent slackness it would be very difficult to say. There is no doubt, however, that the one is an inevitable corollary to the other. Abnormal activity, leading to inflated values, brings the Nemesis of stagnation in its train, without a doubt. The great Kaffir boom of 1895 led to three years of virtual deadness in the South African Market before even rumours of war began to be circulated. The Yankee boom of recent months has already commenced to wane, and there is no reason to suppose that the regular law of listless times after the excitement will fail to operate in this instance. So there

are some thoughtful folk who trace the genesis of the present lamentable state of affairs existing in the Home Railway Market to the boom that took its being from the 1897 year of Jubilee. Prices of Home Railway stocks were advanced to inflated levels: the public bought largely, for such securities appeal to a much wider and more influential circle than ever Kaffirs are likely to do; and then the Railway industry fell on evil days. Coal and labour troubles, declining trade and advancing prices for men and material, higher rates and taxes, mis-management, unchallenged while everything looked rosy, but bound to appear when the darker days came—it sounds like ancient sounds like ancient history, but it is very modern, for all that, and the great army of Railway

stockholders who continually do cry about the decline of their income, together with that of their capital, need to be reminded sometimes of a few of the literally radical causes of the trouble.

# UNSALEABLE STOCKS.

Without more than mentioning the Money Market troubles that have done so much to still further depress Home Railway stocks, we may continue by saying that there are many Railway stockholders who find their holdings are, to all intents and purposes; unsaleable. That is not to say unmarketable. We mean that those who gave, say, something over 200 for London and North-Western Ordinary stock cannot bring themselves to part with it at its present price of perhaps 35 points less than what they paid. Only the strongest possible arguments will induce nearly an investor of this class to sell his security at such a loss.

# PROSPECTS.

So long as the gilt-edged markets are plagued with heavy blocks of indigestible securities, so long, we fear, must the Home Railway section suffer from lack of support, unless it can manage to produce dividends which are able to compete favourably with the low-priced Colonials boasting an *entrée* to the Trustee list. Before going into the question of dividends, a few of the points in the general situation present themselves as candidates for summing-up. At Christmas-time there is a general aspect of benevolent toleration scattered about more or less indiscriminately, but, writing before the orgies of the festive season have impaired our financial vision, the loudly-called-for reforms in regard to the management of the lines stand out prominently for consideration. By degrees, the cry of the expert shareholder for the presentation of his line's accounts in such a form as will enable a glance to tell where things are going wrong—that cry, we say, is rising to

high heaven, and cannot be wholly disregarded by the Olympian deities who sit upon the serene heights of the Railway Boards. We yield to none in the conviction that British methods are generally just as good as American, but in the matter of Railroad book-keeping Uncle Sam is far more practical. The day will come—must come—when the ornamental Railway Boards find themselves unmistakably de trop.

# CHEAPER WORKING.

Every man, of course, knows how to run a newspaper, racehorse, or railway better than the fellows who actually do it, but, for all that, the practical critic who uses his eyes and the railway-train, gets a very good idea of the immense amount of labour, space, and material which is wasted. Supposing that private enterprise ran any one of the trunk lines, for example, it can hardly be conceived that the methods now adopted would be permitted to exist. Constant and expensive tinkering with various types of engines, waste of compartment-room, long lines of empty trucks standing idle for a week at a time in the sidings, waste of fuel—anybody with a season-ticket can prolong the list at will, especially if his train happens to be hung up by a fog on the morning when he wants to get to his office early. Only by minute tabulation of the different items of expenditure can the hand of reform hope to be able to accomplish useful work in this direction, but the sooner some such system of statistical survey is started, the better for the long-suffering proprietors of the stocks.

# THE PRINCIPAL TRAFFICS.

That new heart of grace has, within the past few days, been infused into Home Railway stocks is largely due to the excellence of

the traffics for the closing weeks of the current half-year. The returns now very complete, and although, of course, we cannot give the receipts which are announced on Christmas Eye and the two days before, it is, nevertheless, of interest to set out the half-yearly increases up to those published by Dec. 17. In the first place, we may state that all the principal lines in the United Kingdom have secured increases, with the exception of Hull and Barnsley and the Caledonian. Moreover, until comparatively recently, the traffics had not been of a character sufficiently favourable to draw attention to the market; in many instances the statistics were distinctly disappointing. But how the aspect of affairs has been altered can be gauged cursorily



THE STOCK EXCHANGE BOYS' HOME: A GYMNASTIC TABLEAU.

by a glance at these returns, which represent advances in every case: Brighton, £52,320; South-Eastern and Chatham, £66,122; Great Eastern, £22,870; North-Eastern, £29,579; Midland, £143,719; North-Western, £228,000; Great Northern, £53,894; Great Central, £94,416; Great Western, £166,100; South-Western, £110,000; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £44,347. Provided that the weather is anything like respectable for the holidays, these figures should be substantially improved upon, and there are the sweepings to take into account which go to swell the general funds available for dividends:

# DIVIDEND ESTIMATES.

And this point brings us to the crux of the whole position as regards the immediate outlook for prices in the Home Railway Market. If the dividends should improve upon popular expectation, then a further rise seems practically certain. What the market wants more than anything else is, not cheapening money, not higher quotations for Consols, but a return of public confidence in the recuperative power of the stocks in reference to dividend-earning capacity. If reasonable hope can be shown that the leanest years are past and that there is some definite reason for supposing a turn of the tide has commenced, there will be a sudden influx of buyers anxious to average their present holdings, which have most likely cost them much higher prices. If only it were apparent that the Railway Directors are alive to the necessity for reforms that will increase the earning-power of the Companies, that would in itself go a long way towards re-popularising the Home Railway Market. We are half-inclined to doubt whether the coming advance in dividends for this half-year is altogether a good thing, because the better distributions may help to still the cry for urgently needed reform. Yet there is a great satisfaction in being able to prophesy with some certainty the larger cheques which

proprietors of Ordinary stocks will be receiving a month or two hence. Cheaper coal is likely to prove the saving grace in most of the Companies' accounts, while the declaration of Peace last June has to some extent led trade back again to more normal channels. There have been no big strikes on the English lines, and business, especially of late, has shown a tendency to expand in a good many directions.

# GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Taking the Southern lines first, the announcement which excites most interest of all is, of course, that of the Brighton Railway. As will most interest of all is, of course, that of the Brighton Railway. As will be seen above, the Company has a traffic increase of £52,320, thanks in no small degree to the very holiday feeling which was in the air for the first two months of the present half-year. Adding, say, another third more for extras and the traffics of the Christmas weeks, the available balance may get up to about £65,000—perhaps a trifle more. The first estimates which began to appear as to the probable dividend on Brighton "A" boldly plunged for  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but in the Stock Exchange this view is cautiously modified, and the latest guesses say the rate will be  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent. Last year the distribution was the wretched one of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and it is interesting to recall how Berthas sank at one time in 1902 to 123, which, at the time of writing, is some twelve points below their current quotation. The South-Eastern some twelve points below their current quotation. The South-Eastern and Chatham has a handsome traffic increase to its credit, but the Chislehurst tunnel has been playing untoward pranks, and the Joint Committee are not likely to find themselves with more than an extra fifty or sixty thousand pounds to play with. Out of their proportion of the gain the South-Eastern directors should be able to raise the dividend on their Preferred Ordinary stock to at least 4½ per cent., the fraction representing the advance over last year's declaration. Market opinion says that the Chatham Company will pay the full 4½ per cent. on its Arbitration Preference stock, but the Second Preference is not likely to come into the dividend-list this half-year, and its proprietors must be thankful if a good balance is carried forward to the next six months. On South-Western Ordinary, a hope of a 1½ per cent. extra dividend derives encouragement from the fine increase in takings obtained by the Company, thanks to the Naval Review and Government traffic. The Stock Exchange, however, guards against disappointment by estimating a rise of only 1 per cent. in the rate.

# A MIXED LOT.

Next week will be time enough to go into the question of the possible "Heavy" dividends, but there are several interesting estimates which cannot fall under such classification, and with these we may deal now. The Great Central has made such remarkable progress that the usually conservative market has little hesitation in audibly thinking that the 1876 Preference stock will come into its full dividend, while some go so for as to hope that even the 1876 issued. dividend, while some go so far as to hope that even the 1879 issue may receive a distribution. Central London stocks will in all probability get the usual 4 per cent., although, perhaps, a trifle extra may be squeezed out on the Deferred. It would be sounder policy for may be squeezed out on the Deferred. It would be sounder policy for the line to husband its resources, and this will probably be done. City and South London stockholders can confidently count upon an increase, and, while the optimism of 4 per cent. is scarcely likely to be gratified, the Ordinary stock may get 3½, which would be decidedly good. The Metropolitan dividend can hardly be more than it was a year ago, but better figures should be carried forward. Both the Undergrounds have traffic increases curiously close to one another, the Metropolitan working out at £13,458, which is some sixty pounds more than that secured by the Metropolitan District. Needless to say, Waterloo and City is assured of its unchangeable 3 per cent. Great Eastern estimates are varied; with about £23,000 extra shown by its takes, the line may be made to return ½ per cent. more to its Ordinary proprietors this time, but the factors in the case are so conflicting that an estimate is more than ever a guess. The Great Northern dividends will probably be the same as they were a year ago, but here again the balance carried forward should show a substantial improvement.

Friday, Dec. 19, 1902.

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

L. B.—No letters arriving later than Saturday morning can be answered in the following issue. We are not in love with your selection. The only one we care for is New Kleinfontein. For our own money, we should prefer Barnato Consols, Wolhuter, or any good Rand properties.

J. H. G.—We would rather not give an opinion. The Arbitration Pref. will be paid in full, but, as to the effect on the Second Pref., you can judge as well as we can. Widow.—The shares you have left you are a fair lot, but, as you know nothing about business, we advise you to realise the Industrial Company's and re-invest in some good Colonial or Municipal bonds, which are more suitable for a person of your inexperience.

C. J. Z.—See this week's Notes. We think the Railway stock is about the best in the market. You can deal in any reasonable quantity without difficulty.

Note.—In consequence of going to press early, we must ask the indulgence of any correspondents who remain unanswered.

At a Court held on the 17th, the Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance resolved to pay an interim dividend of £4 per cent., free of income tax, on Jan. 6 next.

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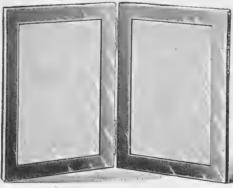
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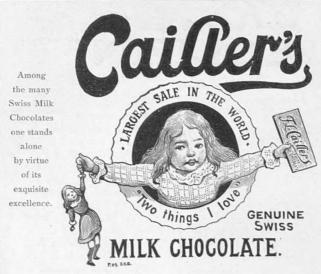


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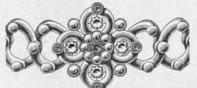


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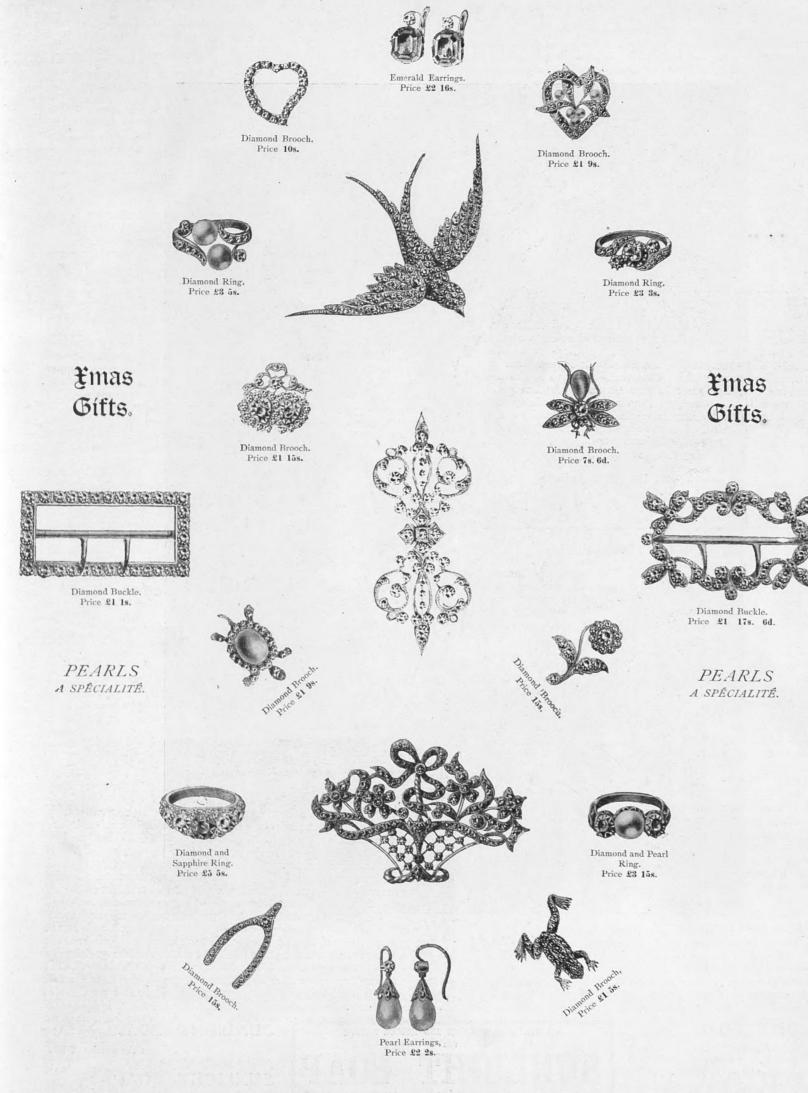
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